FRESH FACTS ABOUT THE £10 NOTE SCHEME. *See page 425.*

SHORT STORIES

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE FOR HOME AND TRAIN

No. 614. FOR WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 6TH, 1900. [ONE PENNY.

Indigestion:

The Stomach is like "Fire" or "Water," a good friend but a bad master. As a friend it craves work to do, which is shown by good Appetite, and it sets about its work with so much energy that we have efficient Digestion, and later on perfect Assimilation—the Source of Life and Strength.

On the other hand, the Stomach as a master works fitfully and in a sulky manner. This soon spoils the Appetite and ruins the Digestion. Then the suffering begins. The partially-digested Food becomes an irritant, and we have a host of disagreeable Symptoms, such as Nausea, Flatulence, Distension, Pain, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Sleeplessness, and a general tired feeling of weakness.

Now we can change the Stomach from a despot master into a willing friend by simply helping it with occasional doses of Guy's Tonic, until it is shortly able to carry on its work without assistance.

As a direct consequence of taking Guy's Tonic good Appetite returns, and with it the capacity to enjoy Food, to digest it, and to gain strength therefrom. General experience extended over many years proves conclusively that Guy's Tonic corrects and cures both neglect and misuse of the Stomach, and strengthens it for future work.

Flatulence Corrected by Guy's Tonic

Mr. A. J. Crabb, writes from 41 Upper Tulse Hill, London, S.W.:

> "A Lady friend of mine, who has been for a long time ineffectually treated by a Physician for Indigestion and Flatulence, wishes you to know that Guy's Tonic has quite cured her. I must say that in all cases where I have recommended Guy's Tonic the effects have been simply marvellous."

Starving Amid Plenty.

Mrs. F. Thomason, of 27 Park Road, Folkestone, writes:

> "I have derived wonderful benefit from Guy's Tonic. Everyone says I am looking better, and then I tell them what I am taking. They hardly believe that a simple Tonic would make such a change in me, because I was simply Starving through my Food not Digesting."

A new size (Six Ounce) Bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 1s. 1½d., is now on sale at all Chemists and Stores.

10/6 — Allen Foster & Co — 10/6

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Design No. 326. 10/6.

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10/6

7/6

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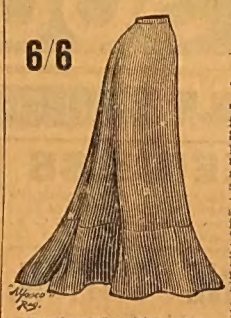

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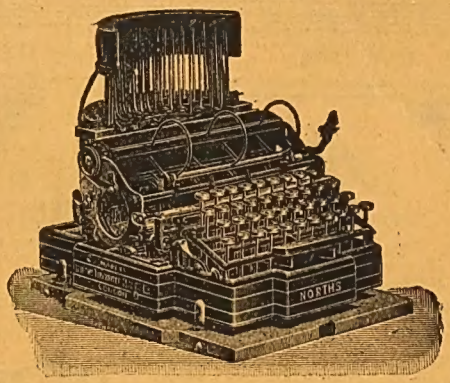

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SHORT STORIES

No. 614.] For the Week Ending October 6th, 1900. [One Penny.

THE WIDOW'S ENTANGLEMENT.

Dear Charlie,—Come to Willow Lodge for a week or two by the next train—if you can't come then, come Monday. My wife has arranged a picnic for Tuesday, and she says she must have you. It is your dull season now, I know, so you can get away well enough, and I shall take no excuses.—Fred Winkley.

P.S.—Mrs. Winchester is here—I thought it right to tell you, because you hate widows; but she is quite harmless.

I sat there in a brown study over this characteristic epistle. I could go well enough—there was no reason in the world why I should not do so, and Winkley's was the most charming, sociable, free-and-easy place at which to visit—a perfect Liberty Hall. But——

When I had reached this stage in my reflections, Kate came in. Kate is my sister, and because she chanced to be born a year and ten days before I did, has always felt it one of her duties to exercise over me a sort of superintending care—to see that I did not suffer for want of good advice. I tossed her the letter to read.

"It promises well," said my sage monitor in pink muslin, "all but the postscript. Charlie, as sure as you go there you are a lost man; the widow will have you."

"But Mrs. Winchester is not the dangerous kind of widow. Her husband has been dead four years, and she isn't married yet. Besides, she has no need to be in a hurry—she is only twenty-three."

"You seem to know all about her!"

There was a satirical twinkle in Kate's eye which I did not like. I defended myself.

"Of course I do. She is Fred's wife's cousin. No one could see Fred Long without hearing of her—he thinks she is perfection, and he wanted to introduce me to her long ago, only I told him widows were my detestation."

"So he invites you to spend a week or two in a house with one? Very handsome of him, upon my word."

"I suppose he did not think about her until he had written the note; you see, he only mentions her in the postscript. I won't be coolish enough to give up such a pleasant trip because Mrs. Winkley is entertaining her cousin. I shall go on Monday."

"The widow will have you."

Kate shook her head solemnly.

"We shall see."

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"I'll lay you a wager—the best box of cigars I can find in London, against what?"

"A pretty set of pearls, which you shall wear at my wedding if the widow gets me. And, now, Kate, do look out for my buttons. It would be shocking to encounter my fair enemy in a state of dilapidation."

"Oh, men, with sisters dear!
Oh, men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives,"

hummed Kate's saucy voice, as she bounded upstairs to register our wager.

Monday afternoon found me at Willow Lodge. It was just after dinner—the hour at which everybody in the country goes to sleep. Not knowing when I should come, no one was at the station to meet me, and I walked up to the house, leaving my portmanteau to be sent for later.

The front door stood open, and I went quietly into the drawing-room. It was untenanted; at least, I thought so at first, but as I walked along towards the farther end of the apartments, I saw lying on a sofa a lady.

She was reclining there with the careless grace of a child. She had on a muslin dress, of a cool, fresh tint, with loose, full sleeves which revealed plump, tempting arms. One hand was crushed like a roseleaf under her glowing cheek, and the other still held a favourite volume. Her lips were bright as scarlet berries, and her hair was gold, just dashed with bronze, such hair as Page always paints for his ideal women.

I never could have a better chance for looking at Mrs. Winchester—for I made certain she was the lady. I could see everything but her eyes, and I decided that they were blue.

I was very much surprised—half disappointed, perhaps—the lady was so different from the ideal I had formed of her. Fred had never described her to me, except by such vague adjectives as "splendid," "magnificent," "stunning,"; but somehow, I had always thought of her as a regal, commanding brunette, a type of proud, stately, impassioned womanhood. She was nothing of all this. Small enough, a most, for a big fellow, like Fred Winkley, to put in his pocket, with cheeks that suggested dimples, and a coaxing, girlish expression on her face, even in sleep—surely, I was in no danger. My cigars were safe enough, and my heart

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likewise. But it would not do to stand there looking at her too long. She might wake up, and what a scene there would be for a bashful man!

I went away from her with the sort of regret one always feels in leaving a pretty picture, and made my next sortie into the library. Here was another sleeper—Fred, himself, this time. To him I was merciless—I overset a footstool which was in my way, and strode noisily towards him. He started up, rubbing his eyes briskly.

"What, Charlie, that you? Too bad, upon my word. I ought to have been at the station to elbow you up here. But you never wrote what train you would take."

"It's all the better as it is. My unexpected advent has procured me an unexpected pleasure. I have seen Mrs. Winchester—asleep, in the drawing-room."

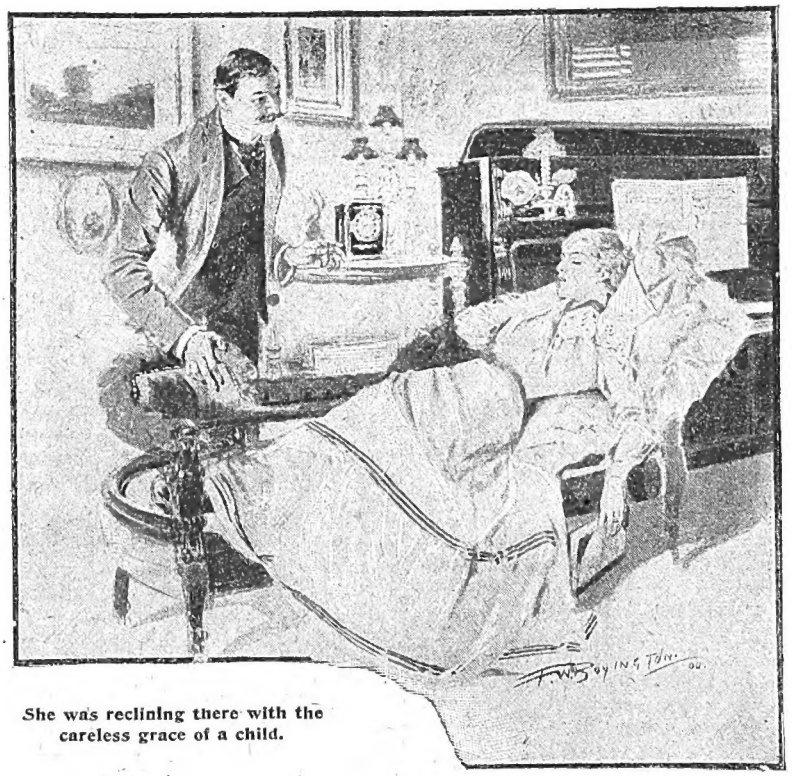
Fred laughed, a good hearty laugh, full of fun and frolic.

"That is rich. What do you think of her?"

"I think you were talking nonsense when you called her magnificent. She is simply a pretty girl — very pretty."

"Very pretty," repeated Fred after me, with a whistle of consideration. "Not at all in Vi's style, but very pretty, surely."

"Vi" was Fred's wife — a superb woman of the dark type, kindly, but hasty and passionate. It had been a love-match, and Fred thought her perfection. What good critics we men are of other men's wives!



She was reclining there with the careless grace of a child.

That evening, before tea, I was formally presented to Mrs. Winchester. Her eyes were not blue, as I had fancied, but brown.

"She has eyes so soft and brown,
She gives you a side glance and looks down;
Beware, beware,
She is fooling thee,"

I muttered to myself, taking a leaf out of Kate's book.

I had to acquit her, however, of taking much pains to please me. She ate her supper quite silently, with a kind of preoccupied air. Mrs. Winkley attempted to rally her.

"Maud's thoughts are prophetic," she said teasingly. "They have gone into the country of to-morrow, with Longfellow's Indian. We are to be a merry house to-morrow, Mr. Cothwaite. Dr. Dinsmore and his sister are coming in the morning. They are Mrs. Winchester's special friends."

Even this did not provoke Mrs. Winchester to any retort. When she had finished her coffee she went out upon the terrace, and looked off where the shadows of the sunset clouds were resting phantom-like on the mountain. Naturally enough I followed her. It was a splendid sunset—June at its ripest and richest; when the world, in a dream of beauty, forgets itself for a little while and lapses into Eden.

Looking out over the mountain, neither of us spoke until Fred and his "Vi" came upon the scene. Then the conversation was lively and general. Maud Winchester began to sparkle. A pretty little pink spot burnt into each cheek, and her brown eyes kindled. I understood, now, Fred's raptures about her. I could see that she might be very winning. If she had not been a widow, I even thought I might have loved her myself.

The next morning, walking down the carriage drive after breakfast, a gay train flashed by me. Half-a-dozen ladies and gentlemen all on horseback, and, leading them, a handsome, haughty woman, in dark grey riding habit. I followed slowly, and reached the house just in time to see the gentleman of the party bow with the grace of a courtier over Mrs. Winchester's hand, and then raise it to his lips.

"Dr. Dinsmore!" I said to myself. "Mrs. Winchester's No. 2, probably," and I surveyed the stranger with a scrutinising, anxious interest, for which I should have been puzzled to account. I did not like his looks. There seemed to me something wily and cat-like in the glance of his uncertain, unresting eyes. His suave features looked to me like a mask; his very air of ceremonious politeness repelled me. Nor, when I was presented to him, did I like any better the persuasive, insinuating tones of his gently-modulated voice. The whole man seemed to me hollow and insincere.

His sister was the haughty beauty I had seen at the head of the cavalcade. I liked her looks better. At least, I thought, she was honest and fearless. She made no attempt to conciliate anyone, yet, instinctively, everyone obeyed her.

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The rest of the party have nothing to do with my story. They were lay figures, merely, imported for the day in sufficient numbers to make our picnic entertaining—they went away at night, and I saw them no more. Dr. Dinsmore and his sister I soon found were to stay for some time in the house.

Time went on, and I was puzzled as to the nature of the acquaintance between Dr. Dinsmore and Mrs. Winchester. He was constantly by her side. He put on her shawl; he carried her basket or her parasol; he seemed to make it his study to anticipate her wishes. But yet, in spite of his devotion, I began to doubt, after a little while, whether she liked his attentions. Either she did not care to be alone with him, or she thought it rude, in so small a company, to confine herself exclusively to one. She evidently strove to make the conversation general. I could have fancied, even, that she preferred talking to me. I should have been better able to judge had not Miss Dinsmore, in her grand, careless way, appropriated me, and kept me constantly by her side.

A week passed on so, and at its close I made some feeble suggestion about going home. It was to Fred, and he at once over-ruled my weak intention.

"You must stay for a week or two yet—at least, until Dinsmore and his sister go away. I don't like either of them, and I am not going to be left alone to entertain them. I wonder what hold Dinsmore has on Maud Winchester? She seems to me like a poor little struggling fly, whom a great, black, ugly spider has got stranded in his net."

Before I had been ten days at Willow Lodge, I loved Mrs. Winchester with every pulse of my heart. It was a perfectly inexplicable matter to me. I really knew nothing of her, beyond the playful grace of her manners, the sweet, winning style of her beauty. I had not had one hour of serious conversation with her—I knew nothing of her principles, little, even, of her tastes, and yet I would have staked my life on her goodness; trusted, without a moment's hesitation, my whole future happiness to her keeping.

I determined to stay on at Willow Lodge until I knew something more definite of the relations between her and Dr. Dinsmore. I looked out of the window, as I made up my mind to this, and I saw them coming up the walk together.

She had never looked lovelier, more girlish and beguiling. I went out and joined them. I was not deceived, I could not be, in the eagerness with which she turned to me from her companion; or the relief she seemed to manifest at having their *tête-à-tête* interrupted. Still, five minutes after, when he told her, rather than asked her, to go with him to the top of the hill, where they could get the best view of the sunset, she turned to go at once.

I was just resolving to make a third to their company, at the risk of being considered an intruder, when Miss Dinsmore's compelling hand fell on my arm.

"Let us go sunset-seeing, too, Mr. Cothwaite," she said, in tones that I could not have disregarded without rudeness; and then, seeing my eyes still follow those two retreating figures, she added:

"Not with them, though. Have you not eyes enough to see that they are in that stage when two are company? They were a great deal together last winter, and I have always found they liked their own society better than mine."

I went with her, after that, unresistingly. So this singular intimacy was no new thing! Miss Dinsmore must have found me but a stupid companion, for while I walked mechanically at her side, my thoughts had followed Maud Winchester's light footsteps to the hill-top. Probably this mattered little to Anna Dinsmore, for I could see clearly enough that she took no interest in me, beyond the service she could do her brother in keeping me out of the way.

This was only a specimen of the way we went on for a week longer—Mrs. Winchester evidently, as it appeared to me, almost disliking Dr. Dinsmore, and yet constantly with him—almost servilely obedient to his commands. Once or twice I came upon them suddenly, engaged in very earnest talk. She seemed to be pleading with him for some promise which he would not give her. I loved her more every day, and my interest in the matter became so intense it was almost painful.

At length I had an opportunity to understand it all. I had stretched myself on the grass, at the foot of a clump of the pines which were scattered here and there in the grounds, and I lay there thinking silently, busied in conjectures about the doctor and Mrs. Winchester. I had no thought of hearing anything then and there which would tend to elucidate the mystery; but presently they came, walking together as usual, and sat down on the other side of the trees, where I could hear every word they said.

Strict honour would have dictated that I should at once have made known to them my presence, which clearly they had not suspected. But I was in love, and here was an opportunity to unravel the mystery which hung around the woman to whom I longed to consecrate all my future. "All's fair in love and war," says the old adage, and perhaps, most men would have lain still as I did, and—listened. (It is an ugly word, and does not look well written.) Mrs. Winchester spoke first.

"Once more, Dr. Dinsmore, I implore you to release me from our engagement. I do not love you. Is it manly to force me to be your wife?"

"I think it is,"—in those smooth, hypocritical tones of his—"at least, I think it is like a man who loves to win his prize in whatever manner he can—by fair means,

The gentleman of the party bowed with the grace of a courtier over Mrs. Winchester's hand.

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Miss Dinsmore's compelling hand fell on my arm.

if possible, if not, by any which present themselves. Why do you not have some consideration for me? My happiness is worth just as much to me as yours is to you. Why did you promise to be my wife if you did not love me?—or what right have you to be so capricious?"

"None—no right," she said humbly. (Poor little frightened dove). "I know it is all wrong on my part, only that you did over-persuade me, and I promi ed you thoughtlessly. But I don't love you, Dr. Dinsmore, and I can't make you happy."

"But y u should love me, Maud"—his voice sank into low, pathetic, passionate pleading—"you should love me—I would make you. You couldn't live with me and receive the devotion of my whole life, and not love me. Once mine, and I know I can win your heart, unless—Maud, you have not dared to love anyone else?"

How eagerly I listened for her answer.

"No one else has ever asked me to love them. It is not that."

I suppose her words satisfied him, but there was no hope in them for me.

"Then, child, I can make you love me—I know it."

"Why don't you?" she said, with a sort of dreary hopelessness that was very touching, "When I promised to marry you, that was the way you persuaded me. You said you loved me as no one else would ever love me again, and you would make me love you. I have been waiting for that time to come, and it has not arrived. I do not even like you as well as I did eight months ago."

"It would be all different then. You do not understand it. I have no opportunity to make you love me now. It would be different if you were all mine—my wife, whom I had a right to love, and protect, and cherish."

Her answer came to my ear, very low, but firm.

"I think that would not make you dearer, Dr. Dinsmore. Remember, however I may seem to you, I am a woman, and no child. I have been married once to a man whom I did not love. I would rather die than go through the same ordeal again."

Her words thrilled me with a strange joy. If I could win her, then, I should have no rival, not even in the memory of her dead husband.

At this stage, Dinsmore's temper got the better of him. He said, in a low, stern, angry tone—if she had heard him speak so many times, it was no wonder she did not love him.

"Madam, if you have no consideration for me, I must have some for myself. I will not be the victim of a jilt. If you refuse to fulfil our engagement, I will inforce my claim legally. How will you like the publicity of such a trial."

"It would kill me."

There was anguish in her tone. I knew how she was wringing those helpless little hands together. I could fancy the despair in those brown eyes; the piteous quiver round the sweet mouth. How I longed to spring to her side, and offer her, then and there, the support of one true heart. But I must be prudent. She might not be prepared for such a declaration, or ready to forgive me for listening to her secret. I could not run such a risk to my own chances of success as it would be to speak then. So I was silent.

"I am resolved, Mrs. Winchester. You have, for once, a firm man to deal with. You can make of me what you will—your bitter, uncompromising enemy, or a husband who would worship you."

"Not my husband—oh, never my husband!" I heard her gasp, as he moved away. I expected then a storm of sobs; but no sound came, and soon she got up and walked after him.

Going to the house by a roundabout way, I summoned Fred to my confidence, and told him all—my love for Maud Winchester, and the conversation I had heard, which unravelled the secret of her singular relations with Dr. Dinsmore.

"The coward!" he cried, as I concluded. "I will turn him out of my house to-night; the paltry, pitiful wretch!"

"Not so fast," I said, putting my hand on his arm. "You mustn't forget how I obtained the information, and that you cannot reveal my secret without my leave. I am not at all sure that turning the medical gentleman out of doors would be the best way to deal with him.

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We must contrive some way to keep him from drawing her before the public in a breach of promise suit."

Fred considered a few moments, then he said:

"He is mean enough, but he would never do that. What he wants of her is her fortune. She is a fascinating little creature, and he may have had some sort of liking for her at first, but he does not love her now—if he did, he would never bully her in this dastardly way. She is rich; and that is what Dinsmore is after. Her first match was one made by her friends, and a very unhappy one it was. Poor little thing, she ought to have a chance at happiness now. I hope you can win her, Charlie; I would ask nothing better for either of you. I don't think there's any danger of Dinsmore suing her. It would be a sure loss of his professional and social position, and any damages he could get wouldn't pay him. Besides, if he should, you could shield her from anything unpleasant—just make no attempt to contest the suit and quietly pay the damages out of her fortune, if it is large enough."

I had stretched myself on the grass at the foot of a clump of pines.

"I don't care at all for the fortune," I cried, with the enthusiasm of an honest lover. "It is only herself I want. Let him take all the money, so he will peacefully give her to me."

"I am a married man of three years' standing," said Fred drily, "and though I love my wife as dearly as anyone can, I never yet found money any inconvenience. So we won't offer the fortune to him, unless he asks for it."

The next day I contrived to meet Mrs. Winchester for an instant in the drawing-room, when Dinsmore was off duty. I begged her to talk with me a few moments, for I had something of especial importance to say to her.

She looked at me in surprise, but answered me quietly.

"I will, if you will contrive the opportunity. You may have noticed that I have not many moments to myself."

Fate, or, rather, Fred, managed it for me after all, in a simple, straightforward manner, that was very refreshing. It was after our early tea, and he said carelessly:

"I have ordered the horses for a drive. For once we'll go in couples. I shall claim Miss Dinsmore—her society is more of a rarity to me than that of either of the other ladies. Doctor, you will drive my wife, if you please; and, Charlie, Mrs. Winchester will fall to your share."

I saw Anna Dinsmore bite her scornful lips with rage, and there was a white light of anger in the doctor's eyes; but he was too much of a man of the world to insult a lady, his hostess, by offering any objections. He bowed politely, and made a speech about Mr. Winkley's generosity, which might be taken for earnest or satire, according as the hearer understood, or did not understand the state of affairs.

Fred had taken care that I should have a fast horse and a fair start, and presently we were out of sight. A mile further on, I turned into a lonely, unfrequented road, with which I thought Dinsmore was not familar, and where, at any rate I could trust to Fred's engineering to prevent me from being followed.

Then I let the reins lie loosely over the horse's back—his pace slackened, and I could talk to my companion.

"Maud," I said, "forgive me if you think what I am about to say presumptuous, on so short an acquaintance; but I cannot go away from here and leave it unsaid. I love you with all the strength and fervour of a man's heart. The only thing I long for is the power to make you happy. Could you love me? Have you seen enough of me to know your own heart?"

There was encouragement in the swift blush that dyed her cheek; but tears filled her eyes, and she said, in faltering tones:

"You would not have asked me what you have, Mr. Cothwaite, if you knew just how I am situated."

"No matter now for the situation, only tell me quickly, before anyone interrupts us, do you think you could ever love me?"

"I do love you—oh, too well!—it was because I saw you and loved you that I knew I could never marry Dr. Dinsmore. But perhaps you will not care for my love when you know all."

The dear, honourable little thing—unwilling to let herself be happy for a moment until she had told me her whole painful secret! I took both her hands in mine—it was well that Fred had given me a safe horse, for I forgot him just then—I, but what is the use of giving you a stereotyped love scene? Let every young gentleman insert here what he would have done in my place. Ladies, if they can't trust to their own imaginations, will find the programme in any novel.

When I had taken from her dear lips my first kiss, I

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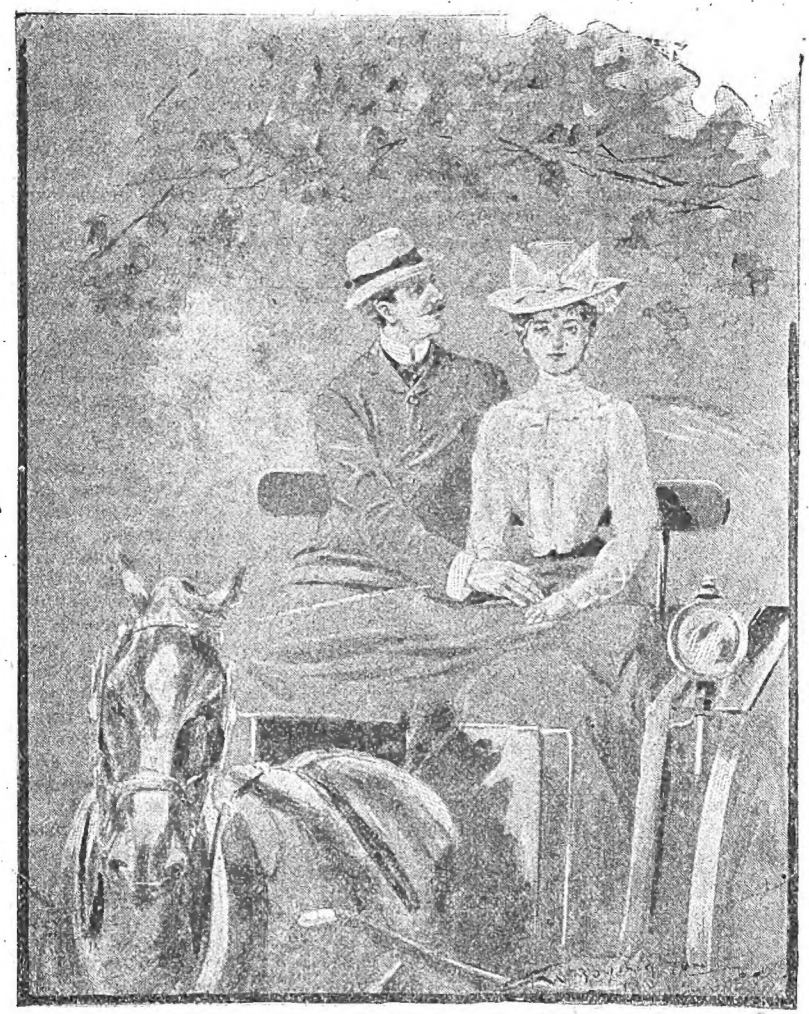

I let the reins lie loosely over the horse's back.

told her that I did know all. I explained to her how I became possessed of my information, and then I told her my plan for relieving her from his persecutions. It was that we should be married the next day. Fred could easily make all the arrangements for us; and in the afternoon we could drive off by ourselves, and I would bring her home as Mrs. Cothwaite. Then, if he chose to sue her, let him bring his suit. I could manage it all for her, and in the safe shelter of a happy home, she would not so much mind it—at the worst, it would only be the loss of a few thousands, which we should never miss.

At first, I know, my proposition startled her by its suddenness. But I used all the eloquence of which I was master; and I think the longing to be delivered from the persecutions of Dr. Dinsmore, who had become to her a perfect nightmare, had yet more influence than my words.

At length I won her promise to be my wife before the next sunset. I thought I had never known what happiness was until then. Is there not a season in every man's life who has ever honestly and truly loved, when Elysium seems no fable?

We reached home soon after the rest of our party. It would not have done to excite any suspicion by late hours.

We found them all in the drawing-room — Dinsmore in a savage temper, as was evident in his sullen, lowering glance and restless motions; Miss Dinsmore trying to cover up his rudeness by extra brilliancy; and Fred and Vi apparently perfectly at ease. Maud avoided all conversation by saying that she believed her ride had given her a headache, and presently retiring.

I talked gaily until everyone was ready to say good-night; and then I spent half-an-hour with Fred in my own room, settling all the arrangements for the morrow.

Next morning, Mrs. Winchester made her appearance at breakfast in the sunniest of moods. A lovely bloom was on her cheek, and a bright light in her eye. She was gracious even to Dr. Dinsmore.

I longed so for a few fond words—a whisper of the love of which my heart was so full — but her look told me to have faith in her. I controlled my impatience, and waited.

After luncheon, Fred asked Dinsmore to drive. He had something which he particulary wished to discuss with him. Dinsmore could not decently refuse. A second time he was a martyr to his politeness.

A few moments afterwards another equipage came to the door, and at the same time my Maud came downstairs.

In an hour from that time she was my wife, and we drove back to Willow Lodge. I introduced Mrs. Cothwaite to Dr. Dinsmore, and then I handed him my card.

"That will be my wife's address in case you wish to send her notice of your suit in court."

His face turned crimson. Rascal as he was, I couldn't help pitying him. He said, hesitatingly:

"As a lover, Mr. Cothwaite, you should know that a man in love says many things to carry his point which he does not exactly mean. Your wife is safe from any persecutions of mine."

The next morning he and his sister left Willow Lodge. They left behind them two happy hearts.

It is five years since, and we have never wearied of each other, I and my Maud.

So Kate had her pearls, and the widow won me.

R. H.

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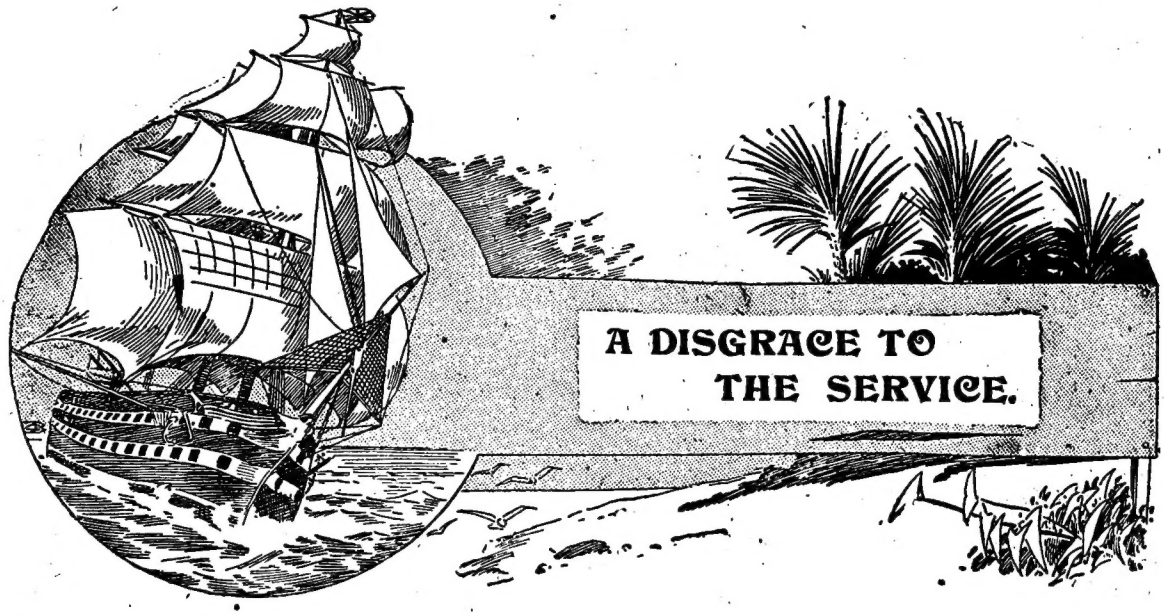

A DISGRACE TO THE SERVICE.

DENNIS CLARKE stood up in the dock and faced the magistrate with a sullen, defiant air. He had been brought up three days previously in the same place charged with being a deserter.

His old comrades were so ashamed at the time of Dennis Clarke's connection with the regiment that they would not have thanked anybody for drawing attention to it. But to return to our story.

The deserter had been remanded, on his first appearance, to await an escort, or to see what was the decision of the military authorities concerning him. The commanding officer had replied to the communication from the civil authorities acquainting them with his decision respecting the deserter, and Dennis Clarke now took his place in the dock to hear that decision.

As the magistrate looked at the deserter an involuntary look of scorn crossed his face, and his lip curled with contempt.

"Private Clarke," he said, "or rather Dennis Clarke, for even the name of Private is too honourable an appellation for you, I have this morning to acquaint you with your commanding officer's decision, and unless you are utterly shameless surely his letter will raise a blush for your lost manhood. Listen what he says of you. After recounting some of your escapades and delinquencies he goes on to say that he does not consider it worth while sending an escort to take you back again, as he has come to the conclusion that you will never be anything but a disgrace to the service, and he therefore leaves you for the civil authorities to deal with."

As the disgraced soldier heard this strong condemnation of himself he gave a start of anger, which, however, immediately gave place to a contemptuous, half-triumphant smile as the magistrate again addressed him.

"If you have one spark of manhood left, if you are in the least worthy of the name of Englishman, go away, and in civil life endeavour to regain the character you have lost in military life. Had the words of your colonel's letter been used with reference to me I don't think I should have ever been able to look my fellowmen in the face again. However, you are young, and may still do something to wipe out the stain now placed upon you, though I am afraid, as far as your old comrades are concerned, you will always be remembered as the man who was dismissed as a disgrace to his regiment and the service. Now go, and for Heaven's sake rouse yourself and show some sign of manliness."

The ex-soldier stepped from the dock with an air of indifference, real or assumed. The decision of his commanding officer had come as a great surprise to him, and yet it had in a manner pleased him.

His military career, thus ignominiously terminated, had been begun badly. He had not enlisted from a love of the service, nor was it owing to the glamour of the smart uniform. In his previous civilian days Dennis Clarke had been very badly afflicted with a very common complaint, viz., laziness, and so long as he could get hold of sufficient money to buy beer, someone else could provide food and shelter.

His parents, with whom he at that time lived, had stood it as long as they could, but eventually his father had risen in anger against him, and with many bitter words had driven him out of doors, telling him that if he would not work neither should he eat, at least, not at his expense.

It was at this juncture that he fell in with a recruiting sergeant, and as he was a strong, healthy fellow, the sergeant painted his picture of the soldier's life in his most glowing colours. Plenty of food, very little work, good clothes, pocket money in abundance—this was the bait dangled before the eyes of Dennis Clarke, and as it appeared to coincide very nicely with his own views of life, he swallowed it.

He was soon disillusioned, however. It is quite true that the life of a soldier has its advantages, but those advantages are only to be gained by the workers in the ranks, not the shirkers, and so Dennis Clarke found out. With disillusion came the resolve to get out of it. There was no question of purchasing his discharge. He could never raise money enough for that. Accordingly he deserted, but was caught and taken back for punishment. After that followed a period chiefly spent in either the guard-room, the cells, or on fatigue drill, and then he cleared out again.

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For the second time the truant son of Mars was restored to the fold from which he had strayed, but at the earliest opportunity he was off again. He was not clever enough, however, to escape detection, and consequently he was soon laid by the heels, but at last his object was accomplished. He was free of the Army, for they did not think him worth the trouble of fetching back.

The pint of bitter which Dennis Clarke purchased to celebrate his restoration to freedom and civilian life did not have quite the relish he expected it to have. He was tolerably thick-skinned, but the manner of his dismissal and the magistrate's words rankled somewhat. As he sat in the tap-room of the public-house to which he had adjourned on leaving the police court, he became cognisant of the fact that he was the subject of a discussion which to say the least of it was embarrassing to him, and so with the object of disarming criticism he invited his neighbour to have a drink with him.

"Nay, mate," replied the man, "I like a drop o' beer as well as any man, but aw'd rayther pay for m' own than sup wi' a chap as isn't worth fetchin' back to his barracks."

This expression of sentiment met with the approval of the remainder of those present, as was very evident from the chorus of "Hear, hear," which followed it, and this was supplemented by a further expression from another of the crowd.

"If it 'ad bin me as 'ad bin cal'ed a disgrace to t' service aw should be ashamed to show m' face among men. Keep th' drinks for th' own sooart if tha' can find any mooar on 'em."

Dennis Clarke strode out of the house with an oath. Thick-skinned as he was, this was more than he could stand. These blunt northern miners were too free in their expressions of opinion for him, and he began to wish himself back in barracks. He comforted himself with the reflection, however, that out of the town where this had occurred he would not be likely to suffer from that kind of thing.

Of course these men had been in court and heard the magistrate's remarks. In fact he remembered that the man who had spoken first had been the defendant in a "drunk and disorderly" case which had come on before his own affair. But then in the eyes of these men getting drunk was not a very heinous crime, although it sometimes entailed unpleasant consequences in the shape of fines or an occasional night in a police cell. They were accustomed to working hard and taking their lives in their hands when they went down the mine, and in their eyes laziness and cowardice were two very serious crimes.

When he got outside the house the ex-soldier decided he would make tracks for home, some forty miles away. It was hardly likely that they would know anything about the circumstances of his dismissal there. He spent that night on the road and arrived at his native place the following morning.

The news had travelled before him. When he opened the door of his father's house and walked in he was greeted with an expression which was considerably more forcible than polite. This was followed by the order to get out.

"What dost mean by comin' here to disgrace me?" roared the angry father. "Aw don't know how tha' can dare to show tha face here. Look at this," and he handed his son a copy of that morning's paper. There under the heading of "Police Intelligence" he saw an account of the affair.

When he had finished reading he threw down the paper and slunk out of the house like a whipped cur, followed by a parting injunction from his father not to come back there any more.

As he walked down the street a boy yelled "deserter." He turned round furiously and collared the offender with the intention of cuffing him; but ere he could effect his purpose he heard a loud guffaw from a group of his acquaintances at the street corner.

"See him," said one, "that's just his mark. He can tackle little lads nicely."

"Notice the charge he made," shouted another derisively. "That beat the Lancers at Omdurman."

"Have they pensioned yer off?" yelled a third. "Let's have a look at yer medals."

This was more than he could stand. He fairly turned tail and bolted down the street, followed by roars of laughter from his tormentors. Not till he was far away did he stop, and the place of his birth knew him no more.

* * * * *

It was the evening of that disastrous day at Colenso, where our men tried so gallantly to save the guns. When the request for volunteers to regain possession of the guns which had been abandoned had been made, among those who stepped forward was a gunner of the Royal Artillery, known to his comrades as "Surly." His name on the regimental records was Charles Johnson, but owing to his unsociability he had the above-mentioned name bestowed upon him.

So far as the performance of his duties was concerned he left nothing to be desired. His work was always well done, and had it not been for his tendency to give way to drink occasionally he would doubtless have had his stripe before this.

This was the man who had now volunteered to help to save the guns, and his comrades were surprised. It was not his offer that surprised them, it was his appearance. His eyes fairly sparkled with excitement, and he

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looked as pleased as a young girl going with the best of company to a picnic on an ideal summer's day.

"Look at Surly," they whispered. "Does he think he will stand a chance of the Cross?"

The band of volunteers started from the donga where they had been taking shelter from the enemy's fire. It was a veritable valley of death into which they were plunging, but each man set his teeth and went forward. Man after man fell, horse after horse was shot, but still they persisted in their efforts until it was absolutely necessary to retire.

Among those who were badly wounded was Surly, who had got a shot through the leg and another had penetrated his lungs. He was conveyed to a place of safety. The officer who had directed their operations approached him, and, bending over him, tried to cheer the man who was evidently mortally wounded.

"It was a splendid effort, my man."

The dying gunner's eyes lighted up on hearing these words.

"Can I 'ave a word or two with you, sir?" he asked.

"Certainly, my man. What is it?"

"I want to confess, sir."

"I'm afraid there isn't a priest of your Church available," replied the officer, mistaking the man's meaning.

"No, not that, sir. I've enlisted under a false name. I was dismissed from the Army because the colonel said I was a disgrace to the service."

"That you are not," warmly exclaimed the officer.

"Will you tell the colonel and the boys that, sir, and then I can die content."

"If I can do anything to clear your name I will most certainly do it."

Slowly and painfully the dying man told the story of his dismissal, giving the officer his real name, the name of the place he came from, and all the necessary details.

The end of the story was told with great difficulty, and very soon after its close the eventful career ended. He was buried that night with full military honours. The story had been retold by the officer, and soon went round. The much discussed Surly was the hero of the moment.

Some time after the officer was invalided home. True to his promise to the man who had given his life to clear his name, at the earliest opportunity he took steps to get the matter made public. He called upon the officers of Dennis Clarke's old regiment, and also upon the magistrate who had lectured the deserter.

This worthy was much moved by the recital, and on taking his seat on the bench the following day, before commencing the ordinary business, he addressed the representatives of the Press. Telling them the story he requested them to make it public, and when he would have gone on with the other business of the Court he was interrupted by a burst of cheering from the public, which, it must be confessed, he was not very severe in suppressing.

John Clarke is a very old man now, but he treasures very highly two newspaper cuttings. The first is the one with which we are acquainted already, and the second is a cutting from the same paper of a later date.

Thus did Dennis Clarke retrieve his character, and though once dismissed as a disgrace to the service, he finally rested among the honoured dead, and the people of his native town speak with pride of the man who died, ostensibly to save the guns at Colenso, but really to prove his manhood.

JOHN HENRY PEAT.

ALL THE LATEST PARTICULARS ABOUT THE GREAT TEN-POUND NOTE SCHEME.

18 Ten-Pound Notes Already Claimed. 50 More Still Wandering About the Country.

IN order that ladies may have an extra opportunity of sharing in this great *Pearson's Weekly* scheme,

FIVE TEN-POUND LADIES

have been dispatched all over the country, each of whom will deliver up the Sealed Envelope to the lady who fulfills the conditions mentioned in *Pearson's Weekly*. No gentlemen need apply.

For those who may be too modest, or who cannot easily leave their homes to ask men in the street the momentous question, the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* has prepared a dainty little card with the words: "Have You Got that Ten-Pound Note?" printed in scarlet upon it. All you have to do is to

PLACE THIS CARD IN YOUR WINDOW,

and if one of the Ten-Pounders happens to see it he will at once call, and upon your producing a copy of the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* he will hand you a Sealed Envelope entitling you to the sum of £10.

Address a halfpenny post-card to the Ten-Pound Card Department, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and you will receive one of these cards under cover and post free.

The latest song, "Have You Got That Ten-Pound Note?" is being sung every night by Mr. R G. Knowles in various London music-halls with great success.

Copies of this song will be ready on October 8th, and may be obtained at 1s. 6d. each. The tune will shortly be heard on all the piano organs in the streets.

A sketch, entitled, "Have You Got That Ten-Pound Note?" was produced on September 21st at the Royal Theatre of Varieties and at Collins's Music-hall with a powerful cast. Everybody interested in this Ten-Pound scheme should see this screamingly funny piece.

Full particulars of the scheme will be found each week in *Pearson's Weekly*, and fresh developments appear in the *Daily Express* every day.

The following are the names and addresses of the winners of Ten-Pound Notes up to the time of going to press:

H. E. Baker, 4 Beaconsfield Road, Magdalen Road, Norwich; John Lotan, 23 St. Anne's Chambers, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.; Charles Lee, 1 Agnes Terrace, St. Mary's Avenue, Southend; Charles Wright, 30 Oxford Gardens, North Kensington; Robert Gautier, 132 Clarence Road, Wimbledon; W. W. Tonkin, 5 Grove Road, Brixton, S.W.; E. G. Baldock, 68 Portland Street, Lincoln; Arthur Wellings, 12 The Forgate, Worcester; A. Bowman, 413 City Road, London, E.C.; John Roe, Hatfield Road Board School, St. Albans; R J. Martyn, 4 Albert Road, Morice Town, Devonport; Mr. W. H. Hole, Stationmaster, Teignmouth; Archibald Brown, Market Place, Carluke; J. D. Southall, 38 Rosebery Gardens, Crouch End; W. Cotton, Coxbridge, West Pennard, Glastonbury; W. H. Wayne, 19 Hurstfinch Road, St. Helens; May Grammer, 154 Elgin Avenue, Maida Vale; Albert J. Page, Sawbridgeworth, Herts.

The original Sealed Envelopes by which claims have been made can be seen at the following places:

Mr. John Lotan's, Ludgate Hill Station; Mr. H. E. Baker's, offices of *Eastern Daily Press*, Norwich; Inspector Lee's, Cooper Brothers, Cliff Town Road, Southend; Mr. C. Wright's, Crown Hotel, Southampton; Mr. W. W. Tonkin's, Lang Sims, 437 Brixton Road, London, S.W.; Mr. E. G. Baldock's, Clifford Thomas, 202 High Street, Lincoln; Mr. Arthur Wellings', Mr. Large, The Forgate, Worcester; Mr. A. Bowman's, 413 City Road, E.C.; Mr. John Roe's, Mr. W. H. Richardson, 5 High Street, St. Albans; Miss May Grammer's, Mr. Burge, chemist, 123 Shirland Road, Paddington.

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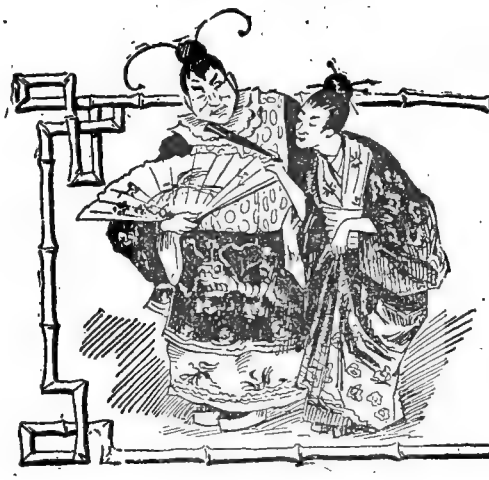

Mr. Bowser's Tribulations.

XXVI.—He Turns to Root Beer as a Family Tonic.

"You may have observed," said Mr. Bowser as he left the dinner table the other evening—"you may have observed, Mrs. Bowser, that for the last three or four days I have not eaten enough to keep a chicken alive?"

"I hadn't observed any falling off in your appetite," she replied as she wondered what new fad had got hold of him.

"Probably not. There are wives who never observe anything until their husbands are ready to be buried. The fact remains, however, that I have lost my appetite and have such a weak and languid feeling that I can scarcely move about. If something is not done I shall have to keep to my bed."

"Well, why don't you go to a doctor?"

"I have lost all faith in doctors. They would feel my pulse, look at my tongue and order me to take a voyage round the world, so that I might not die on their hands. No; I shall not go to the doctor."

"Then what will you do?" asked Mrs. Bowser, with considerable solicitude.

"Doctor myself. Knowing what ails me, as I do, and having a remedy at hand, I shall be my own physician and hope to be all right in a couple of weeks. In talking my case over with Brown to-day he recommended something which he has tried himself with the grandest results."

"Five kinds of roots, and four kinds of barks."

"You—you are going to dose yourself again!" she exclaimed in despairing tones as she turned away.

"Dose! Dose! I wish you would be a little more choice in your language. I have lost my appetite. I have found something to restore it. Do you call that dose? It makes no difference whether you do or not, however. I shall prepare the remedy, and take it according to directions. Tell the cook that I shall want to use the range for half-an-hour or so."

"What is your remedy?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"Something as simple as it is efficacious. In the old days what did our grandfathers and grandmothers do when they lost their appetites?"

"I never heard that they lost them."

"There are several things you never heard of, and I am always willing to post you on what you don't know. When our progenitors lost their appetites, they turned to roots and barks and made tonics. I have followed their example. Here is a package of powdered roots and barks—five kinds of roots and four kinds of barks. I propose to make four gallons of what you may call root beer and take it as an invigorater."

"Very well," replied Mrs. Bowser as she started upstairs. "But if anything happens I want you to remember that I had nothing to do with it."

"Nothing will happen—that is, nothing will happen except that my appetite will be restored and my life move on again as before."

The cook vacated the kitchen at his approach. There were directions on the package as to how to prepare the root beer, and Mr. Bowser followed them as far as placing a cauldron over the stove with four gallons of water in it.

Then it occurred to him that the decoction ought to have a twang to it to tempt the lethargic appetite. There was mustard in the pantry, and he dropped a liberal quantity into the water. There was ginger also, and after a little thought he decided to add some of that.

"In that way I'll kill two birds with one stone," he said to himself. "I'll have root beer and ginger ale out of the same bottle."

He was watching the boiling when the cook came down for something. She was a woman of thirty, with a domestic look, and it struck Mr. Bowser that she must know more or less about the tonics of our forefathers. He

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told her of the mixture and asked if she could think of anything to add.

"I've seen my brother make root beer," she replied, "and I think he put in about a dozen different things. They say you can't get too much in it."

"No; I don't believe you can," he mused. "The roots and barks are all right for a foundation, but the stuff wants spicing up into an elixir. I'll make something that the kings of old would have howled for."

He found lemons and squeezed in a couple. He found nutmegs and grated up one. There was cinnamon, and he threw in a liberal quantity. The last thing he got hold of was a bottle of extract of vanilla. He didn't intend to use over half the contents, but when all went in he thought a high vanilla flavour might be the best, after all.

When the mixture had been given a good boil, it was removed and carried out into the back yard to cool. A jugful was taken out and placed in cold water for immediate use, and while it was cooling Mr. Bowser sat down and felt that he had struck a good thing.

The smell from that cauldron wasn't half bad. As he sat watching it half a dozen cats appeared on the back fences and sniffed and yowled.

"They smell it, and know a good thing."

"They smell it and know a good thing!" he chuckled. "If I have any to spare I'll leave it out here. I suppose cats lose their appetites, same as human beings, and I shan't begrudge 'em a pint or so."

Half-an-hour later he went upstairs with jug and tumbler. There was joy in his heart and a smile on his face as he sat down and said:

"My dear Mrs. Bowser, if you want the spring of youth which Ponce de Leon looked for in vain just quaff a glass of this. If it don't knock five years off your age, I'm a goat."

"Thanks, but I don't care for any," she replied.

"All right—more left for me. Ah! but that is good—that is delicious! Wine a hundred years old is not in it with root beer. I'll get up in the morning with an appetite like a horse. I suppose about three glasses is enough for a first experiment? Do you know, I believe there'd be £2,000 a year profit in making this beer and selling it by the barrel?"

Mr. Bowser went down and drove the cats away and brought in the cauldron and half-an-hour later the family went to bed. He went round patting himself on the waistcoat and telling how the tonic had gone to the right spot, and Mrs. Bowser finally got the idea that he might have struck a good thing. She had just fallen asleep, when that idea was dispelled. Mr. Bowser suddenly uttered a groan like a horse stricken down in the prime of life, and next moment he sat up in bed and exclaimed:

"Great snakes! But how I do suffer!"

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Bowser, as she jumped out of bed.

"My stomach! I'm awfully ill, and pains shoot through me. Phew! Ouch! I'm a dead man!"

"It's that appetite restorer. Probably it was intended to act this way. Just lie quiet and let it get a good hold."

But Mr. Bowser couldn't. In five minutes he was being twisted into a dozen strange shapes by colicky pains, and his nausea made him perspire like a 'bus-horse on a hot day. Mrs. Bowser had not said half she wanted to about appetite restorers, but she lost no time in sending for the familly physician.

When he arrived, he found a very sick man, and it was a long two hours before the pains eased a little and gave him a chance to inquire what had brought them on.

With tears in his eyes Mr. Bowser owned up to the roots and barks and vanilla and nutmeg and other things, and the doctor made no reply to him. He turned to Mrs. Bowser instead and said:

"I will try and find the fool killer's address, and the next time you have to wire get him instead of me and tell him to bring his biggest clubs along!"

M. QUAD.

Next Week: "HIS NATURAL PHILOSOPHY DIDN'T WORK TILL HE CALLED IN A TRAMP."

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CLAYTON'S LOT.

It was the beginning of the short but beautiful Indian summer. The down town portion of New York City did not, however, seem much the better for it, save that it was cooler, and existence not one long gasping misery.

Up in Central Park things showed more to advantage, the lovely tints of the foliage, with all the other sure and certain signs of the "fall," making one to forget awhile the sordid money-grubbing, life-at-high-pressure of Wall Street and its neighbourhood.

But it is with this very same part of the city that we have now to do.

A big liner from Liverpool had just arrived at Pier 101, North River. The pier shed was crowded with passengers, luggage, cargo, and all the thousand-and-one odds and ends, human and otherwise, that go to make up a trans-atlantic disembarkation. Bustle, noise, and danger to life and limb reigned supreme.

The place, a long ramshackle wooden erection was dirty to filthiness, the deck rotten, and full of holes and pitfalls. This, added to its crowded condition and an all pervading odour, very far from sweet, forbade lingering, except for purely business purposes.

Evidently, the gentleman standing by a big pile of trunks, was of the same opinion. He was unmistakably an Englishman, and, as unmistakably, a military man. His well-set-up figure, carefully trimmed and trained moustache, together with his quick manner and air of command, told of the parade ground and orderly room.

It could not be said that his face was altogether a pleasant one, the knit brows, and compressed lips indicating only too plainly, a bad temper, and its twin brother, a selfish, arrogant disposition.

Ever since his landing had he been assailed by touts innumerable, but perfectly impervious to their blandishments, was seemingly waiting for some one.

"Name, Howarth?"

"Yes, that's my name," replied the newly-arrived.

"Guess this is for you, then," said the other, a man of the ordinary "Northern" type, clean-cut, keen, and quite up-to-date in appearance, handing Sydney Howarth a letter.

Hastily opening it, the latter found it to run thus:

5002 BROADWAY.

Dear Sir,—We have made every possible enquiry *re* your matter, but, we are sorry to say, without result. All we can find out is that Captain Hugh Clayton was last heard of, two years ago, at Felix City, on the extreme border of Western Texas. At that point the scent failed utterly, and we can only suggest that you should yourself follow the forest route from Felix towards the West, as it is certainly known that Captain Clayton contemplated taking up a "lot" of forest land, and clearing it. If you will call upon us we shall be pleased to give you any information that may help you. As we know that you are a stranger to New York we would recommend the Everett House, Madison Square, as a comfortable abiding-place during your stay in this city.

We are, Dear Sir,
Yours truly,
STEPHEN P. MATURIN & Co.

To
SYDNEY HOWARTH ESQ.

It may be as well, perhaps, to detail here a few facts explanatory in some measure, of the presence in New York of Sydney Howarth at this time.

Three years before he had fallen madly in love with Phyllis Forbes, the queen-beauty of the London season. At balls, garden-parties, and functions innumerable had he met her and worshipped. That was all, however, for encouragement, beyond the merest and simplest friendliness, he received none.

For some time he wondered if her affections were elsewhere engaged, but could discover nothing. It was chance alone that brought about a revealing of the secret. A conversation with a brother officer, in the course of which the lady's name was mentioned, cleared up the mystery.

Hugh Clayton, one of those impulsively-transparent, open-hearted men, who, somehow, are nearly always handicapped, in one way or another, in life's race, had saved Phyllis Forbes' life on a certain occasion at the risk of his own. The girl had never forgotten, nor had he. It was a notable instance of mutual love at first sight.

Phyllis, as has been said, was very fair, a maid among maids; she was also the only child of wealthy parents, who coveted for her enhanced social distinction in the shape of a "good" marriage. But parental breath in this case was but wasted. The die was cast. Fate had spun the web, and it must be worn, if only as a shroud.

Hugh Clayton was poor, desperately poor. Moreover, he was of no "family" whatever. With a mere annual hundred or two to supplement his pay, his position, from a matrimonial point of view, was the reverse of desirable. To Phyllis this was as nothing. Was not her hero good, true and brave of soul? What more was necessary to happiness, to the ideal realisation of a love confessed?

Only that morning had the question been answered in no uncertain fashion. Clayton, incapable of deception, or underhand dealing of any kind, had asked of Sir Henry Forbes the hand of his daughter, only to be unequivocally, and even rudely refused. No reason was given. None, indeed, was needed. Clayton divined it without prompting. Still, in a manly, straightforward way he declined to accept as final his dismissal from Sir Henry's lips.

Phyllis was of age, and his duty in seeking parental consent done, he, Hugh Clayton, would immediately throw up his commission and depart for the Western hemisphere, there to seek a fortune for her who had dowered him with her love.

Guileless, simple-minded, and, as such natures usually are, a trifle indiscreet, did Clayton now pour his tale into the unreceptive ear of his "friend" Howarth.

For they had been friends, in a way, these two men, though as unlike as light and darkness. One thing only did the lover refrain from alluding to, viz.,

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that act of his, which had led to the crowning of his life. The truly modest man is ever reticent with regard to self-glorification.

Every word of the other's confidence cut into Howarth's soul like a whip of steel. He could only listen in dumb despair. That this penniless plebeian should be preferred to him, Sydney Howarth, a rich man, a man akin to the bluest blood in England was beyond conceiving.

"Now, look here, Howarth, old fellow," Clayton was saying, "you and I have been the best of chums, and as this is my last opportunity I want to exact a promise from you."

"Well, what is it?" replied his companion moodily.

"Nothing very hard of performance," said Clayton, a little surprised at the other's strange manner, "I have told you my—our story; well, you know the Forbes'; visit often at the house; just promise me that you will guard my Phyllis from any danger which may threaten her. Be a brother to her, for my sake. She is prepared to accept your good offices. We have talked it over, and I shall leave England happier, and with the less regret in that I know your sterling loyalty and true friendship both for her and for me."

Howarth gave the required promise, and a few days later Clayton sailed away towards the golden Hope Land, if not light-heartedly, at least comforted.

Two letters, and two only had been received from him by Phyllis; and then, blank silence. Tortured by suspense and loving anxiety, Phyllis at length appealed to Howarth to do her the one service which could alone satisfy the longing of her spirit. To go and seek for his lost friend, for her lost love.

To Howarth, tempted almost to the verge, did this proposal come with an almost cruel force. And yet, how could he deny her?

She was visibly suffering. Her cheeks were pale, her eyes were dim. He would go; and in a way, he had his reward.

He departed, bearing with him a loving letter for the man he sought, and in his ears the echo of a woman's grateful words.

The end of the day, upon the edge of a mighty forest in the Far West. Stretching away into indefinite distance, the vast expanse of leafy shade seemed like to an enchanted domain, entrance into which was fraught with mysterious uncertainty and danger.

In this region twilight is not, night descending with an almost startling suddenness.

Halted indecisively, just where the swelling prairie melts into the forest shadow was a man mounted upon a mustang of the locally tough, workable sort.

The reins lay loose on the animal's neck, as the rider sat straining his eyes in the endeavour to pierce the apparently impenetrable darkness. He carried the bare necessaries of a traveller in the wilds; at his back being slung a Winchester.

Sydney Howarth was no coward in one sense of the term, but it must be confessed that the outlook created within him a certain feeling of apprehension.

Gathering up the reins, he urged his tired beast forward into the semi-gloom.

Two hours' riding under such difficulties as are unknown to travellers in this country, and then darkness that might be felt. No warning, in a moment almost, a thick, heavy pall was about and around him, an he were a dead man. It was horrible!—terrifying!

Scarce five minutes before he had fancied he could faintly descry a cleared space ahead through the dense growth of maples and pines. If he kept on in the same direction, moving neither to the right hand nor to the left he might perchance come to it yet.

"Steady, old chap!" for the animal suddenly swerved, becoming restive. Its ears fell back, while it trembled and sweated, as with intense fear.

Howarth, mistrusting the brute, and quite conscious that a crisis was at hand, slid him down from the saddle, making the bridle fast to a sapling, with which his feeling fingers came in contact.

"A light! Not a light for a kingdom's crown!—for Ophirs of virgin gold!" Not a match even could he find in pocket or saddle-bag. He must have left them at his last camp.

Nothing for it now but hands and knees.

Groping on the ground, wounding himself grievously with the snags and other obstructions which beset his path, he is inclined almost to give up in despair.

Half-an-hour; it seemed to him an age, and he felt sweep over him a sense of change. The air appeared warmer, while he could swear that a faint glow as of smouldering, living embers, was close to him.

He reached out his hand; it came in contact with heat!

"There must be life somewhere near!" he shouted, the feeling of hope in the midst of this appalling desolation was so wondrously inspiring.

Bringing his breath to bear upon what he now knew to be the live cinders of a but lately blazing fire, he blew and fanned with a judicious energy born of a desperate purpose.

A tiny, flickering flame wakes into life, and grows—and grows——

He leaped to his feet. This was no wood, no tree-cannopied aisle!

A shanty! A log dwelling! and there behind him the open doorway through which he must have unwittingly crept into the interior.

It was now that the great temptation of Sydney Howarth's life was to be offered him.

As the fire, fed by his trembling hand, burned brighter he saw that he was not alone.

In a deep sleep, stretched upon a blanket upon the ground the other side the fire, was a man. One arm was doubled under him, the other was thrown across his face, hiding his features.

Presently the sleeper moved, restlessly changing his position. As his face turned toward the fire Howarth knew him.

A cold sickly sweat broke out upon his already heated forehead.

"Pray Heaven he would not wake!"

But as the prayer whisperingly passed his lips, the other's eyes opened and fastened themselves upon him. Neither for the moment spoke; each just gazed at each with that same dazed, irresponsible look of fascination, that passes between so many examples of the animal world.

Then a dim perception of the truth dawned upon the awakening mind of the owner of the hut.

Raising himself upon his elbow he said quietly:

"Why, Howarth, is this a surprise visit? From whence in the name of all that is unexpected, did you spring?"

"Spring from, that's good!" returned Howarth, laughing hysterically. "Do you take me for a jack-in-the-box? I'm here on my own business—no particular object. And you?"

"Oh, when it is daylight, you will see quite a little

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cleared domain. Although a wild western anchorite, I am lord of this Manor. But tell me, Howarth, of Phyllis! When did you last see her? Was she well? and—and—well, there, man, you know what I would say!"

By this time Howarth had collected his thoughts, and pulled himself together. He had always detested Hugh Clayton, not alone because of his successful rivalry in the affections of Phyllis Forbes, but also because that such natures as his own cannot breathe freely in the presence of a single-minded, upright spirit. As he looked now at the other, that mean soul of his shrunk to even meaner proportions, and the last state of his envying hatred was worse than the first. He had not yet determined upon his course of action. Wild possibili ies suggested themselves to his mind, but only in a formless, disjointed way.

"Forgive me, Howarth!" again said Hugh, smiling at his own lack of attention to his visitor. "Forgive me for being so inhospitable, and so slow to welcome you to my mansion. The fact is I have had a hard day's grind, and was tired as a dog."

Outwardly courteous, Howarth deprecated any trouble on the part of his host. Then it was that the thing he had hardly dared to listen to took shape and form. He saw a clear stage; Clayton out of the way, and nothing between himself and the de-ire of his eyes.

No feeling of compunction or of pity came in any way to soften the deadliness of that which had now become a definite resolve.

Clayton had moved to procure for his unlooked-for guest some slight refreshment, and to seek a better light.

The instant he turned a report rang out, and Clayton, clutching his left elbow with his right hand, staggered back, nearly falling upon the now blazing fire. 'Spite the pain, for the bullet had shattered the bone, he faced Howarth, unable at first to speak from sheer astonishment.

Then, somehow, it all became clear to him. The man before him, not pretending even to hide the still smoking revolver, must ever have been his enemy. Little things which aforetime had no significance, now loomed large, as damnatory evidence of a sleuth-like cruel purpose.

"You scoundrel! Try to murder me under my own roof! The man I so trusted to seek my life! Ah!"

His quickness saved his life. Stooping down and seizing a blazing pine knot he hurled it with all his remaining strength at the other's hand, raised to repeat the shot. The aim was true, and the weapon fell into the flames, as it did so exploding harmlessly.

Baulked in his first attempt, Howarth, throwing all considerations to the winds, endeavoured by a dexterous ruse to get a grip of his antagonist. But he should have known from experience of Clayton as an old athlete that he would in all probability meet with more than his match.

It was a trick learnt many years before at the university in the school of a certain famous gymnastic professor. Successful then it was no less successful now.

A twist of the left leg, a casting the whole weight of the body forward, and Howarth lay upon his back, Clayton bestriding him; his eyes open, and completely at the mercy of the man he had so basely designed to murder.

"Now, listen to me," said Hugh, sternly, when his adversary, slowly opening his eyes, gave signs of returning consciousness. "I intend binding your hands and feet, and leaving you here for two days, in order that you may have leisure to chew the cud of your evil soul. At the end of that time I shall send a messenger to set you free. You will not be left to starve, richly as you deserve it; food will be placed within your reach. For me, I go to Phyllis. I should release you at once, but that I know now your treacherous heart, and that you would leave no stone unturned to wreck our lives. I forgive you for Phyllis' sake."

* * * * *

There is very little more to tell, but that little has about it the joy-chime of wedding-bells.

How Hugh sought and found his faithful love in the old Kentish garden he knew so well; how they there renewed their troth, and how they now live to make the lives of those about them happy as their own is, known to all within sight and sound of their home.

Nothing more was ever heard of Sydney Howarth. Whether he eventually perished, as is not unlikely, in some disreputable western brawl is not exactly known, but that his end would be peace, would be contrary to our experience of man's equity and of Heaven's justice.

Ralph Enderby.

AS OTHERS SEE US

"Hooker's Superior Jams," meets the gaze of all the river traffic below London Bridge. This stirring legend is inscribed on the blackened wall of Hooker's colossal factory. Its giant neighbours are soaps, syrups, patent disinfectants and sheep dips. But none rival Hooker's in number of workers or commercial success.

The success of Hooker, a young man, had been phenomenal. He had made half a million out of the factory and was still going strong. His pride was the jam works. There were two opinions regarding Hooker. Those who believed in a community in factories, denounced him as an unscrupulous capitalist. Others, whose ideal was commercial progress, glorified him as the apostle of energy.

The ladies wondered why he still remained a bachelor and could only account for it by reflecting that jam and sentiment did not go well together.

One day Hooker discovered that he had a vein of sentiment.

When making a mammoth deal there was offered him a bill for £3,000 accepted by a certain Major Devant, V.C.

The hero, he knew, was in a terribly impecunious state. Hooker sank the smart man of business in the philanthropist and took the worthless asset.

His first impulse was to send it anonymously to the Major as a present "From an Admirer," his second to make the soldier's acquaintance and hand it to him over a friendly cigar.

He acted on the second impulse. The Major lived up the river near Putney and his grounds ran down to the

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river. On a hot, August afternoon Hooker approached the Devant's from the water on his steam launch.

It was a large, comfortable-looking house with a gay flower-bed in front. The scenery around was almost pastoral, no factories desecrated the foreshore, the grass was a natural colour, and the trees dipped into the river. He was looking anxiously for a landing-place when a young girl stepped out from the shade of the trees.

"Is this Major Devant's residence?" asked Hooker.

She replied in the affirmative. Her tone was very sweet and her face pretty and refined. In her light summer dress she made a fair picture on the bank. Hooker gazed into her blue, lustrous eyes with a sudden, strange thrill.

"Can I land?" he asked.

She smilingly pointed to a spot and Hooker came ashore. He introduced himself to the Major by the name of Rogers. Had Hooker searched the whole world over he could not have found a man more the opposite of himself than Devant V.C.

Devant was a man to let things glide. He owned it. After a quarter of an hour's conversation, all Quixotism on the part of Hooker vanished. The Major's sole hope was his daughter.

"If she marries well," said the Major, "I'm saved. If not, the workhouse is my doom."

Hooker looked towards the window and saw the slim figure of the girl in her white gossamer attire standing by the river bank. His heart hardened. He determined not to part with that bill for the present.

"Is it any use of my calling again?" he asked.

The Major blandly intimated that he could call as often as he liked. He could come to dinner if it suited him. Something might drop from the clouds.

"Good-day," said Hooker shortly.

On his return to the launch he looked eagerly for Miss Devant, but she had disappeared. Hooker did call again. He called often. The Major had evidently acquainted his daughter with the object of the visits, for, to Hooker's intense exasperation, Susan Devant treated him with forced courtesy.

One stifling hot night, he persuaded the Major and his daughter to take a trip in the launch. They went down the river towards the jam factory. When they were abreast of Hooker's the Major indicated it with a wave of his cigar.

"Hooker!" he murmured, "the jam fiend."

Hooker looked at Susan. She was dreamily contemplating the many smoking chimney stacks. When they passed the factory the scenery opened out to the worst advantage. The tide was low and dirty river craft lay moored on either side, here and there clusters of houses burst into view, as if they had risen out of the mud or got inextricably stuck in it.

It was an appalling vista of mud. The eye strayed to paraffin reservoirs, floating hospitals, and awful "flats," from which rose the skeleton frames of guiding lights. When they reached Barking, the atmosphere grew as if everything around had reached the last stage of decomposition.

"Phoo!" cried the Major in disgust.

Hooker desperately put the launch about.

"This is the world," cried the Major, "as Hooker would have it! Morally that man is a criminal. He lives out of the life blood of his species. He is the cause of misery in many a home. Drives the workers to early graves and sends flowers for their coffins to advertise his jam. He is a curse."

"Ever met him?" he exclaimed wildly.

"Never," said the Major, "thank Heaven!"

"Do you know Hooker, Mr. Rogers?" asked Susan curiously.

"I know," cried Hooker, goaded to defence, "that he is a good son and that he respects his sisters and other men's sisters."

"The last," answered Susan gently, "is a good trait."

All were glad when they again reached the pleasant house up the river. Hooker parted from them at the landing stage. He did not feel equal to entering the house and said he would call the next day.

When he came, he had decided to make it his last visit. He would give the Major his bill and free himself from the spell of Susan Devant. Their lives had been too diverse to create sympathy between them.

He was crossing the lawn when his gaze strayed to Susan's favourite seat beneath the trees. On the seat lay the last book she had been reading. He walked over and took it up.

It was a magazine, and was open at an article headed "Interview with John Hooker, the Jam Merchant."

It was embellished with numerous illustrations. Hooker at six; Hooker at twenty-five (just when the great inspiration for making jam struck him); Hooker in a yachting cap and Hooker in his shirt-sleeves. He gazed at the leaves dazed.

He was still gazing at them when he felt a light touch on his arm. He turned and beheld Susan Devant. The rose tint of a blush was on her cheeks.

"Well, Mr. Rogers," she said, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing," he answered. Then he bitterly quoted the Major. "I live on the life-blood of my species."

Susan looked at him earnestly.

"There is an account in this magazine," she said, "of a man's early struggles and his indomitable perseverance. Is all that true?"

"I began life," Hooker said slowly, "as a factory hand."

Susan turned away her head.

He saw only her delicate profile. A profound peace was in the summer air.

The sole sound which broke the silence was the throbbing of a paddle-wheel on the river.

"Why did you come here as Rogers?" she cried passionately, "I hate false pretences."

He explained.

"Now I will go," he said, "I don't think you will care to see me here again."

"Why?" she asked lowly.

"Because," he said, "I should ask you to be my wife. I loved you the first time I saw you, and day by day my love has been strengthening. Of course," he added hurriedly, "you have been unconscious of this."

Susan gave him a quick, merry glance.

"Of course," she repeated.

Hooker looked at her bewildered. He took a hasty step to her side. In a happy dream he clasped her in his arms and kissed her lips.

"You are my life," he cried ardently.

The Major was waiting for them on the threshold of the house. Hooker handed him the magazine with his counterfeit presentment.

"Have you any objection to me as a son-in-law?" he asked.

The Major was quick-witted. He grasped the situation.

"Not the slightest," he answered warmly, "to-morrow I'll come and look over the jam works."

C. KING.

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A ROMANCE OF LAND AND SEA.

By William Westall.

Author of "With the Red Eagle," "The Phantom City," "Nigel Fortescue," etc., etc.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

Major Wyvenhoe, commander of an expedition which went out from England to help the Venezuelans in their struggle for liberty. He is intrusted with dispatches for delivery to Bolivar, the Supreme Chief.

Captain Cautley, who is in charge of the ship which took the expedition out.

John Ready, the servant of Wyvenhoe.

General Arismendez, ex-Governor of Pampatar and Vice-President of the Venezuelan Republic. He received Wyvenhoe and Cautley on their arrival in Venezuela.

Dons Iago Santico, and Antonio Bonanza, two Venezuelans who accompany Wyvenhoe when he takes the dispatches to Bolivar.

CHAPTER XV.

The First Fight With the Enemy.

No further reference was made—at that time—either to Urdenetta or Arismendez. Having said my say and made my complaint I let the subject drop and Don Simon was as suave and smiling as if he had dismissed it from his mind, though I suspected that he would bear me a grudge for the frankness with which I had denounced his "particular friend" and praised his political rival, for I perceived that he so regarded Arismendez, and was jealous of him.

Yet I had nothing either to regret or fear, I was not dependent on the Supreme Chief for my means of existence and I doubted either honour or reward was to be gained in his service. On the other hand I had no intention of going back, the country interested me, of adventure and sport I was likely to have more than enough, and I was desirous of seeing how these ragged, undisciplined and ill-armed Venezuelans would behave before the enemy. So I resolved that albeit I would neither toady Bolivar nor trust him I would use every fair means of keeping on good terms with him.

"You don't think much of our army," he remarked as if he had divined my thoughts. "Nobody fresh from Europe does, and mine is not a European army, but our soldiers are no less brave and devoted than your British troops, as ere long you will see. They have overcome again and again the bravest troops of Spain. On the plains the royal cavalry has not a chance with our llaneros, they either flee on the first contact or go down like corn before the reapers."

"I have heard wonderful things of General Paez and his llaneros, and I never saw troops march better or look hardier than your infantry," I returned giving them all the praise I honestly could.

"Yes, they are indeed splendid marchers," said Bolivar with a gratified smile, "and as hardy as they look. It is a hundred miles from San Fernando to Calabozo and we shall do it in four days. I mean to surprise General Morillo and if we beat him I shall march on Caraccas and finish the war by taking the capital. I suppose people in England know that this is a war of extermination?"

"I think it is generally known that neither side gives quarter, and that the victors put the enemy's wounded to death, though some are slow to believe it. I was till I arrived at Margarita."

"And it creates a bad impression, naturally. But what can you do? I have set my face against the practice from the first and besought the Spaniards again and again to agree to an exchange of prisoners. More I cannot do; they kill their prisoners, and if we were to spare ours my men would tear me in pieces. Morillo will hold no communication with us whatever; he fires on flags of truce, even when they are carried by priests or children. Yet on the first opportunity I shall make another attempt to open negotiations and if you are present, as I hope you may be, you will be able, when you write home, or return thither, to testify that the fault does not lie with us, nor ever has done. The entire responsibility rests with the royalists."

Bolivar spoke warmly and appeared to be in earnest, and I congratulated him on his resolve to make yet another effort to terminate a system of warfare which was a disgrace to civilisation.

We encamped for the night at the edge of a wood where there were water and fuel, and shortly after the halt had been sounded I received a visit from Don Antonio who brought me an invitation, which I gladly accepted, from several of the British officers who were serving in the patriot army to join them at supper and share their bivouac.

Bonanza was in high spirits. General Paez had appointed him one of his aides.

"Paez is the best general we have with us; some people say he is the only one," he observed, "and always gives his fellows their fill of fighting. You saw how the chief treated me?"

"Yes, and I felt sorry."

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"Oh, it does not matter in the least. He treated me exactly as I expected. Bolivar never forgives, as you will find out if you incur his enmity."

The officers were Captains Sherwood, McMullin, and Grant, who hailed respectively from England, Ireland, and Scotland, all good fellows and eager for news from home, of which I was able to give them the latest, though it was so long since I left London.

In reply to my inquiries as to how they liked the Venezuelan service, they answered with one accord, and some very emphatic oaths, that they did not like it, and averred that they had been induced to engage under false pretences.

"I have not had a peso of pay since I joined, hang me if I have," said McMullin.

"Nor I," echoed the others.

"And when a man is dependent on his pay and has no means of getting remittances from his people owing to the disturbed state of the country, it is beastly hard lines. Gad, I am nearly as ragged as my men, and see no prospect either of replenishing my wardrobe or fingering any more cash, unless we take Caraccas and Bolivar allows us a day's plundering."

"Small chance of that," put in Sherwood. "We are more likely to be taken to Caraccas and shot on the Plaza to grace Morillo's triumph."

"Anyhow, he shall out General Morillo, that's certain."

"I doubt it. Morillo is the best general in the Spanish service, and though Don Simon is not without capacity for war, he makes frightful mistakes, and has lost more battles than he has won."

"True. But we shall out-general him all the same. We have twelve generals with the colours at this moment and I doubt whether Morillo has more than three. Just think of it. Twelve generals for a force of less than five thousand men, and every one of them with a staff as big as Boney's when he was at the head of the grand army. Cruel brutes they are, too, slaughter all their prisoners, set the Zambos at them with their machetes and think it fine sport."

"Not so bad as that, I hope, Captain McMullin; and nobody is more anxious to put an end to the system than General Bolivar," I said.

"I have no doubt he is now. All the same, it was he and the patriots who began it."

"Are you sure about that? They all protest that the Spaniards began it."

"That's what the patriots would have us believe; but Grant knows more about it than I do, he will tell you."

"Well, I would not say which were the first to murder their prisoners, because I cannot be quite sure," said the Scotsman cautiously, "but there is no question that the insurgents were the first to make it a war of extermination. In 1813, several of Bolivar's officers issued a manifesto proclaiming war to the death against all European Spaniards, not, however, without great provocation, for the royalist generals and troops had committed frightful atrocities. But I almost think they were outvied by Don Simon, who, in 1813, being then dictator, had all the European Spaniards to the number of 1,253, then residing at La Guayra, put to death, merchants, professional men and such like, not a soldier or a prisoner of war amongst them.

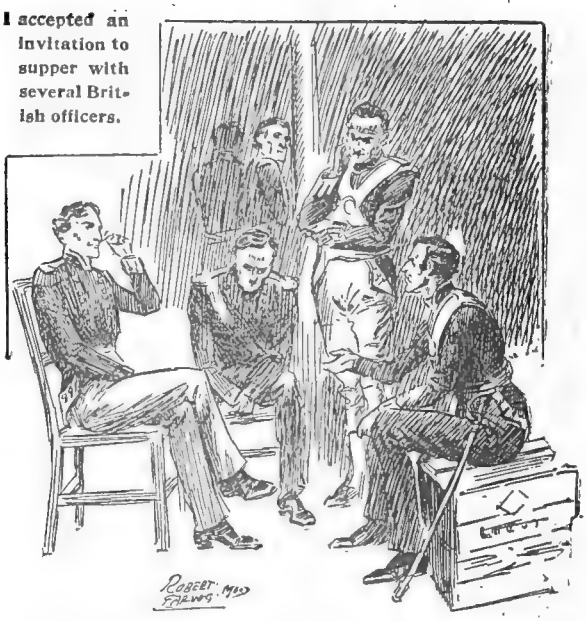
"The slaughter continued for three days, and those of the victims who were too old or too infirm to walk were carried to the place of execution in arm-chairs. In the same year the insurgent government decreed the confiscation of every sort of property belonging to Spanish royalists, and offered commissions for heads, whether of soldiers or civilians. The private who produced twenty was made ensign, a lieutenant's commission could be bought for thirty, a captain's for fifty—without regard to age or sex, mind you, a head was a head to whomsoever it had belonged. There have been awful things done in this war, perfectly awful, but I think that takes the cake."

"So it is not true that the responsibility rests solely with the Spaniards and that Bolivar would be glad to put in with the Spaniards, and has set his face against the killing of prisoners from the first."

"Of course it is not. What I have told you is historical fact and cannot be contradicted. All the same I make no doubt that he would be glad to put an end to the practice, partly because it creates a bad impression in Europe, more, perhaps, because he has found that it does not pay. Two thirds of the royalist forces being conscripted Creoles the majority of the victims on both sides are natives. The Spaniards suffer the least, and if the war goes on much longer and the system of slaughtering prisoners is continued, the Venezuelans will be like Kilkenny cats, there will be nothing left of them but their tails."

"Bolivar is a mean, mendacious ruffian," quoth McMullin bitterly. "Whenever I make application for my back pay which now amounts to more than £300, he smiles and smirks and promises an immediate settlement or a substantial sum on account, but never a copper has come my way yet."

"Why don't you send in your papers?" I asked.



"Chuck it up, you mane? I'd like to see you do it. A resignation is not valid unless formally accepted by the president, that is Bolivar, who values British officers too much to let 'em go, if they are good for anything, and if you take French leave you forfeit all your back pay and are liable to be tried by court-martial for desertion. Besides, how would you get away without money and passports, and all the ports in possession of the Spaniards? Bedad, if I had known before I 'listed as much as I do now, not all the king's horses and all the king's men would have dragged me to this terrible country."

"I think we are all with you there, McMullin; but the mischief is done and there is no good in grumbling, except now and then to relieve our feelings. We must just grin and abide, and do our duty and hope for the best," said Sherwood, "and for goodness sake let us talk about something more cheerful; you will be giving Major Wyvenhoe the jumps."

At any rate, they had given me cause for disquieting thoughts. I had reckoned on being able to leave the Venezuelan service whenever I wished, and resolved that if I could not retain my position with honour, I would resign forthwith.

But if what these gentlemen had said was true, as

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I reported myself to the general and asked for his orders.

to which I had no doubt, I might not be allowed to resign, and pending the acceptance of my resignation I should be bound to obey the orders, not of Bolivar only, but of whichsoever of his cut-throat officers he might set over me, under pain of being tried by court-martial; and escape, technically desertion, would be difficult, perhaps impossible.

I should need horses, mules, supplies, boats, boatmen and an escort, which could not easily be obtained without my intention to leave becoming known. Moreover, I had not too much money and the journey to Trinidad would be costly.

When I left Angostura, General Arismendez requested me, on the plea of the treasury being empty, to defray the expenses of the journey out of my own resources and gave me an order on Don Simon for whatever sum I might have to lay out. After what I had just heard I thought it probable that I should have to lie out of it for a long while, and selling a draft on London or my agents at Port of Spain was out of the question.

In these circumstances I concluded that I could not do better than take my new friends into council, and after apologising for troubling them with my private concerns, I laid the facts before them and asked their advice.

"Grant is the best of us at giving advice, and it is a job he rather likes," said McMullin. "Besides, he has the oldest head. Speak, travelled thane."

"Well, one thing is sure, you will get nothing but promises out of the Supreme Chief, and I would not advise you to press him. It would be of no use and he hates being pestered. Above all, keep on good terms with him, which, as he seems well disposed towards you, should not be difficult. You need not tell any palpable lies, but if you could just say that he excels Washington as a statesman and Napoleon as a general he would take you to his heart, and might even settle your little bill. But say nothing about resigning, that would put his back up at once. If you decide to quit, ask for a month's leave of absence to go to Angostura and don't stop till you get to Trinidad. Not yet, though, he would maybe smell a rat and refuse your request."

"Very good advice. I could not give better myself," observed McMullin approvingly, "only Bolivar has been so often told by sycophants and flatterers that he is a sort of Washington and Bonaparte rolled into one, that something fresh would be more likely to fetch him. Could you not compare him to Alexander the Great or Julius Cæsar? The Julius Cæsar of South America would make a fine sounding phrase. You may laugh, but he would take it in. I am told the thicker you lay it on, the better he is pleased."

After the laughter provoked by this sally had subsided, I inquired what punishment the war code in Venezuela awarded to disobedience and desertion.

"Arrest, degradation or death, according to the gravity of the offence," said Sherwood. "But the code has really very little to do with it, the findings of courts-martial being dictated beforehand by Bolivar or the commanding general."

"Anyhow it was so in General Piar's case," observed Grant. "The court-martial had orders to find him guilty and sentence him to death, and the court-martial did as it was told."

"What was his crime?"

"He was accused of plotting to supplant the Supreme Chief, which meant that the Supreme Chief was jealous of him, as he is of everybody who is abler or more successful than himself, but there are some men with whom he dare not meddle. Paez, for instance, who tells Bolivar his mind very freely and never hesitates to disobey his orders when he thinks they are foolish, as they often are. The evidence against Piar was of the flimsiest description, all hearsay and malevolent gossip. I know because I heard it. Don't you fall out with Don Simon, Major Wyvenhoe. Rub him the right way, even though you have to butter him up a bit, and you seem to be middling well off. Take care to let him know it, it will increase his respect for you."

This ended our talk about Bolivar, and after a while we rolled our cobijas round us and slept until we were roused by the sounding of the reveille.

When we had breakfasted by the light of our camp fire, for it was still dark, I reported myself to the general and asked for his orders.

"I have none for you at present, but I shall be pleased if you will ride with my staff and favour me with your company during the day," he answered graciously, on which I thanked him for his courtesy and said that I felt highly honoured by his invitation. For I had resolved, as Captain Grant put it, to rub Don Simon the right way, even though I had to butter him up a bit, so far as I might be able to do so without loss of self-respect.

We rode side by side a great part of the day and I took an early opportunity of mentioning the outlay I had incurred, and produced Arismendez' order for its repayment.

"Make out your account and hand it to my second secretary, Captain Mendola, who will give it immediate attention," said the Supreme Chief with the confident air of a man of large means.

"The amount is so small that I am almost ashamed of asking for it and should not do so if I could cash a draft on my bankers at London or my agents at Port-of-Spain," quoth I as though money were no object to me.

"So you are not like some of these gentlemen, dependent on your pay?"

"Not exactly. If I were dependent on my pay I should not have made the Republic a present, through Don Luiz Mendez, of £500."

"You did that? You gave us, actually gave us, £500?"

"Yes, there was some question of my buying bonds to that amount in consideration of receiving a commission; but I said what is £500? Accept it as a gift."

"What generosity. The Republic is greatly indebted to you, Major Wyvenhoe, and I am deeply touched to know

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that English gentlemen in your position should not only risk their lives in the cause of liberty and independence, but help it liberally with their purses. You must be rich?"

"I suppose I may consider myself pretty well off, but people with no more than a hundred and twenty-five pesetas a year are not accounted rich in England."

"*Por Dios*, but they are in South America. And you are, no doubt, of a good family."

"Well, the Wyvenhoes are one of the oldest families in our part of the country. An ancestor of mine fought at Crecy, another at Poictiers; their banners and harness are still in the hall of Wyvenhoe Court, and are amongst my most cherished possessions."

"Your house of course. I should like to show you my hacienda, or rather, what was mine, for the Spaniards have confiscated it. But if we are successful in this campaign, I shall resume possession, and be delighted to place it at your disposal."

This meant that in the event in question I should receive an invitation to his place in the country, which, together with his manner, showed that my bounce (though I had said naught untrue) was producing the effect predicted to Captain Grant, and I had presently an opportunity of acting further on his advice, without telling a "lee," which I turned to good account.

"Is the cause of South American independence still viewed favourably in England? Do the papers say much about us?" asked Don Simon.

"I think most people regard it as the cause of liberty and humanity and you have many enthusiastic supporters. Shortly before leaving London I read in a leading paper an article which described the patriots as people rightly struggling to be free, and said that if General Bolivar succeeded in overcoming the Spaniards and founding a free nation in South America, he would win higher and more enduring fame than that of mere conquerors such as Napoleon Bonaparte, Cortez, or Pizzaro, and be regarded by posterity as one of the greatest soldier-patriots of this or any other age."

"And that really appeared in an English newspaper?" exclaimed Bolivar eagerly, and, for the first time, looking me full in the face.

"It really did," quoth I. "I can give you the approximate date, and if you would like to have a copy of the paper in which it appeared, I have no doubt Don Luiz Mendez would easily obtain one."

"I should indeed like to have a copy, and Don Luiz shall be written to on the subject. I am greatly beholden to you for the suggestion," said the chief as he made a note of the paper and the date. "I think you said you would like to negotiate a draft on London?"

"Or on my agent at Port-of-Spain."

"For how much?"

I named a sum which I thought would be enough for my purpose. It had been a mistake to ask for too little and a still greater to ask too much.

"So in the event of your being able to sell a draft on Port-of-Spain for a thousand dollars you would not press for an immediate settlement of your claim on the government?"

"I should not need it, Señor General, therefore should neither ask for nor expect it."

"What an obliging gentleman you are, to be sure. I wish there were more like you. Well, I think we can arrange this draft for you. We can use it as a remittance on Port-of-Spain where we have occasionally to purchase supplies, and some of the merchants there are so narrow-minded and suspicious as to insist on payment before delivery. I shall tell Captain Mendola to do what you want. But pray keep all this entirely to yourself. You have no idea how my officers, and contractors, and others, clamour for cash, and if it became known that there was anything in the chest, I should have to run away and poor Mendola would be torn in pieces."

I had no difficulty in arranging matters with this gentleman, and took the proceeds of my draft in gold as being more portable and easily concealed than silver. So I was provided, as I thought, for all contingencies and should be able, with a little management and manœuvring, to leave the country whenever it might please me, though as before long appeared, I was counting without my host.

On the fourth morning after leaving San Fernando we were within a short march of Calabozo, which lies on the edge of the great plain to which it gives its name, but the men having marched fast and far, and, as during the heat of the day, more intense on the llanos than in the forests or on the coast, rapid movement was impossible, Bolivar wisely decided to give his troops a rest and look for Morillo in the morning.

This was done, our march being so timed as to bring us by sunrise to a wood about a league from the town where we halted for breakfast, and awaited the report of the mounted scouts whom Bolivar had sent ahead to reconnoitre. These presently returned to say that a regiment of cavalry had just marched out of Calabozo and were moving towards a mission which could be descried in the distance, probably on a foraging expedition.

On this Bolivar and his staff mounted and rode out of the wood, yet neither in such fashion nor so far as to put the Spaniards on their guard or frighten them back to Calabozo.

Several generals beset the chief, attesting their right and demanding his permission to charge the Godos. Paez regarded them with a smile of contempt, as well he might, their men being no better than a badly mounted, worse armed rabble, utterly unable to cope with the enemy on anything like even terms.

"I shall lead my llaneros to the attack, Don Simon, they are quite ready," he observed quietly to the chief.

"Of course, Don Ramon, it is your right," returned Bolivar, "but wait a few minutes, I think they are going to pass to the right of those trees, and we must if possible, intercept their retreat to Calabozo."

"And that really appeared in an English newspaper?" exclaimed Bolivar, looking me full in the face.

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"Sedeno's fellows will do for that, there won't be many of the Godos to intercept after we have done with them."

General Ramon Paez was a man of singularly prepossessing appearance; about five feet seven inches high, stout of body, with a plump round face, a fair skin, save where it was bronzed by the sun, dark eyes and red lips and cheeks. He wore an indigo blue jacket, short cotton breeches, and silver spurs, also a cocked hat with a silver cockade and an ordinary cavalry sword. A youth who rode by his side carried his lance, a formidable weapon fully twelve feet long.

I asked Bolivar's leave to take part in the charge.

"No," he answered graciously, albeit decisively, "I cannot let an aide-de-camp whom I value risk his life in a skirmish, as though he were a common llanero. I must put you to a better use than that, Major Wyvenhoe."

After a refusal so handsomely expressed it had been both bad policy and bad taste to repeat my request. Fortunately, I should be near enough to see whatever might pass, and the next best thing to riding in a charge is seeing one. In some respects the latter is the better part, war being essentially a game of which onlookers see the most.

"Now," said the chief when he thought the time had come.

Paez, grimly smiling, took his lance from the boy who carried it, waved the black bannerol as a signal to his *guardia de honor*, and dashed at their head into the open plain. With him went Don Iago who, as he passed me, gave a shout of delight and saluted with his lance.

The main body rode right through the Spaniards.

After ordering Sedeno to skirt the wood with his ragged regiment of carbineers and cut off the Spaniards' retreat, Bolivar, accompanied by his staff, followed Paez and his llaneros.

The country we were in, a part of the llanos of Caraccas, was slightly undulating, covered with short, brown grass, free from forest, yet dotted with small woods and groups of trees and bounded to the north by the Cordillera of the Caribbean Sea.

If Paez had reckoned on taking the Spaniards unawares he was soon undeceived, for several minutes before he could reach them they were drawn up in a line, with their carbines unslung and ready for use.

"The Queen's Hussars, a crack regiment," observed Bolivar, as we pulled up to watch the first action, the first I had seen between soldiers of the old world and the new.

The odds seemed to be in favour of the former, the Spaniards being well mounted and equipped, and splendid in new uniforms; and the celerity and precision with which they wheeled and formed in line on the first alarm, showed that they were well trained and led, whereas the llaneros were a horde of wild horsemen with very little discipline, and, except their lances, no weapons worth mentioning.

But these they handled with the ease and dexterity which comes only of long practice; every man had a lasso, they rode like centaurs, and were entirely unencumbered with kit.

Moreover, I thought it boded ill for the hussars that instead of boldly meeting their enemy, who did not greatly outnumber them, they were going to await his onset and trust more to their carbines than cold steel, for, in my opinion and in that of many more experienced soldiers than myself, the only weapons to which a cavalryman should look for victory are lances and swords.

Meanwhile, the llaneros were advancing in open order at a walk, no doubt to save their horses, and not until the Spanish colonel gave the order to fire, did Paez give the signal to charge. The volley emptied several saddles and killed several horses, but, unchecked even for a moment, the main body rode right through the Spaniards, then wheeling, rode through them a second time. On which they broke and scattered over the plain, only however, to be lanced or lassoed by their pursuers.

The greater part tried to gain a small clump of trees where those who had not been overtaken and slain by the llaneros were encountered and killed by the carbineers, many of them in cold blood and while praying for quarter. Of the entire regiment, numbering some six hundred men, not one was left alive.

When we of the head-quarter staff reached the spot the carbineers and some of the llaneros were despoiling the dead and exchanging their rags for the blue and white uniforms of the unfortunate Husares de la Reyna.

By this time the garrison of Calabozo having heard the firing had taken the alarm, and Morillo presently sent out three or four regiments of infantry and a regiment of cavalry with four field-pieces as if to offer battle, though it was probably no more than a feint to induce Bolivar to deploy and show his strength. Be that as it might the challenge was refused and after some futile skirmishing between the llaneros and the cavalry, who showed no disposition to engage seriously, the royalists withdrew into the town.

"I shall summon them to surrender and offer them leave to bury their dead," exclaimed the chief as though struck by a sudden thought. "Whom shall we send? Captain Bonanza, you are just the man, afraid of nothing and always fortunate."

This to Don Antonio, who had just ridden up with General Paez.

"At your disposal, Señor General," he answered saluting.

"Why do you want to summon Morillo?" demanded Paez bluntly. "You know he won't surrender—he would be a fool if he did—and that he always fires on flags of truce. Why send two men—your herald cannot go without a bugler—on an errand from which it is hardly possible they can return alive, merely that the Godos may have another opportunity of showing their contempt for us?"

"I have my reasons, Don Ramon, and as the summons to surrender will be accompanied by an offer of leave to bury his dead I hope Morillo may make an exception. However, if Captain Bonanza is afraid——"

"Be good enough to give me your orders, Señor General, and you shall see whether I am afraid," broke in Don Antonio impetuously.

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"Buena, take a bugler and a white flag, ride to the gate there, ask to see General Morillo, say that the Supreme Chief summons him to surrender and gives him leave to bury his dead. That is all."

"It shall be done as you desire, Señor General. Where are the bugle and white flag?"

These were found and Bonanza rode away and went boldly up to the gate, and was engaged in conversation with somebody whom we supposed to be Morillo when several muskets were fired from the walls, on which the herald's horse went down, pinning the rider to the ground and the bugler galloped back, yet so badly hurt withal that he no sooner reached us than he fell dead, almost at Don Simon's feet.

In the meantime Bonanza had been dragged through the gate whether dead or alive it was impossible to know, but we knew that if he still lived Morillo would quickly make an end of him.

"You seem sorry, Major Wyvenhoe," observed Bolivar with one of his inscrutable side glances.

"It would make anybody sorry, aye, and more than sorry, to see the lives of two brave men uselessly sacrificed," I answered as calmly as I might.

"Not uselessly. You know now that what I have told you is true; you have seen for yourself and can assure your friends in England, of your own knowledge, that the stories they have heard of Spanish atrocities are not exaggerated."

"Excuse me, Don Simon, but I don't see how that mends the matter. There was no need to confirm statements which I did not doubt by sending to certain death one of my friends who was also one of your best and bravest officers."

I knew that as touching my own interest, perhaps even as touching my safety I had spoken unwisely, but I could not have said less and it was all I could do to refrain from giving full rein to my indignation and saying what would in all probability have insured my immediate arrest.

(To be continued.)

FROM JEST TO EARNEST.

THERE was a timid knock on the door of my office the other day, and, in response to my loud summons to come in, there entered the most forlorn-looking man I have ever set my eyes on. He had a scared, hunted look on his face, and kept glancing back over his shoulders, as if he expected to see a detective appear to arrest him at any moment. He dropped into a chair with a sigh of relief, and said:

"You're a lawyer, aren't you?"

I assented.

"Well, I just want to tell you my story, to relieve my mind, and perhaps you may be able to give me some advice.

"You see, last summer I was staying at the seaside, at one of those hotels where there is only one man to every twenty-six girls. The best of it was that the girls at this place were of the most entertaining sort, so, on the whole, I had a very agreeable time. They read to me, fanned me, sewed on my buttons, and did their best to make my time pass pleasantly; but, as you will see, I paid dearly for it in the end.

"One day I took six of the prettiest girls out for a little sail on the bay. Everything went smoothly for a time. The girls were adorably frisky, the lunch was good, and the chaperone went to sleep.

"We didn't notice how fast the hours went, and by the time we got back to the hotel the tide was so low that we stuck fast in the mud about a hundred yards from the beach. We had no small boat with us, and all our shouting brought no one to our aid. The water was too deep for the girls to wade ashore, so there seemed no way out of the difficulty except that I should carry the whole party to the beach, one by one, in my arms.

"I suggested this plan to the girls, and in fun said that in order to make such a proceeding perfectly proper I would formally propose to each girl and become engaged to her. They laughingly agreed, so I plumped down on my knees before each one in succession, chaperone included, and proposed, and was accepted in due form. Then I carried them ashore.

"Rather late in the morning, as I strolled downstairs into the hall, Brown, one of the three men staying at the hotel, came up to me and said:

"'Well, old man, I congratulate you. I know you can't be very sorry.'

"'Why, what's up?' said I in astonishment.

"'Read that, and you'll see,' said Brown, handing me a paper of the evening before.

"I took it from his hands, and read:

"'Mr. J. T. Chubb, one of the oldest and wealthiest business men of the city, died suddenly from apoplexy while at his breakfast on Thursday morning. . . The deceased has no near relatives, and his property, as there is no will, will go to his nephew, Mr. Thomas Cheever.'

"Good gracious! That was my rich old Uncle Jim. He was worth eighty thousand pounds at least. There had never been much love lost between us, and really I couldn't cry. Just think of it! I was a rich man. I wouldn't stay at that hotel another day. I would take the train straight for B——, and tell dear little Dora that we needn't wait any longer, that I was now a rich——

"'Good morning, dear. Did you sleep well after yesterday's excitement?'

"I jumped out of my chair as if shot. There was Miss B——, one of my sailing party, standing before me.

"'It was sad about your poor dear uncle, wasn't it? But then,' she said, blushing sweetly, 'I will try my best to console you.'

"I bolted for the stairs, but ran plump against little Miss L——, another of the sailing party.

"'Why, Tom,' she said—'I suppose I ought to call you Tom now'—looking bashfully down at her toes—'where are you going so fast? I was just about to hunt you up and tell you how sorry I was to hear of the death——'

"I tore away from her and fled to my room. This was horrible! Those girls had read the notice in that paper and they meant business. They were going to make me keep to my engagements. Just think of it—seven breach of promise suits on hand, including the chaperone's, and there was dear little Dora patiently waiting for me at B——.

"I thought of suicide, but was afraid to try it. I locked my door, and tried to sit down and make some plan of escape. It was useless—I couldn't think. The girls kept knocking at my door and sweetly asking after my health, suggested gruel and hot bottles. I became desperate. After nightfall I took what money I had, dropped out of the window, and walked to the station. Since then I have lived in constant terror."

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Adventures in Search of Pearson's £10 Notes.

We devote, every week, two pages of *Short Stories* to pithy, humourous anecdotes similar to those which appear in these columns. A prize of £1 1s. will be sent to the reader who submits the best storyette this week, and a copy of "The Typ writer Girl," by Olive Pratt Rayner, to each of those whose attempts are used. The anecdotes may be either original or selected; in the latter case the source *must* be stated. The prize of One Guinea offered for the best Storyette in this competition has been won this week by Mr. J. H. Taylor, of 47 Woodchurch Road, Birkenhead. Attempts this week must deal with Stories about THE GENERAL ELECTION, and must reach the Storyette Editor, *Short Stories* Office, Henrietta Street, Strand, London, W.C., by Monday, October 8th. Post-cards only, please.

Sold Again.

I HAD been thinking seriously about that £10 note. It was just what I stood sadly in need of, and, somehow, I had a presentiment I should get it; so, seeing a man walk from the London train at Lime Street, Liverpool, and stare about as though a stranger, I did not hesitate. Here was my chance.

"Excuse me," said I, "but you are a stranger, I think?" and I brought out *Pearson's*.

He smiled a broad smile, and I knew I was right.

"Yes," he said; "just come from London."

"Well, have you got that Ten-Pound note?" said I, showing him the "page."

"Rather!" said he, and I fairly jumped for joy, as his hand went to his pocket, and he withdrew the coveted envelope.

"See here," he said; "I met *Pearson's* man in the train, and I've got it. Come and have a drink."

J. H. T.

A Disappointment.

I WAS reading *Short Stories* in the train the other day, when I noticed that the gentleman sitting opposite me had an envelope protruding out of his pocket.

Thinking that a £10 note from *Pearson's Weekly* might be inside that envelope, I showed him the scheme in *Short Stories* and asked if it was for me.

"Yes, it is," he exclaimed, and he gave it to me.

Imagine my surprise when I opened it and found a note inside which read:—

"Admit Bearer, No. 33 Padded Room, Bridgend Asylum."

E. R. P.

Might Have Been Awkward.

I RAN through to Glasgow last week on business and had not emerged from St. Enoch Square before a man accosted me with a *P.W.* in his hand.

"Have you got that £10?" he asked.

Just in fun, I replied:

"Oh, yes, but I need it myself."

Before I could stop him, he appealed to the crowd.

"He's got one of *Pearson's* £10 notes," he shouted, "and he won't give it up."

Two men stopped, produced a *P.W.* and queried:

"Have you got that £10 note?"

I have seen a man lynched in America and so I explained my position in a brace of shakes.

Happily, they were Scotsmen who could see the point of a joke, and I got off with the price of three whiskies and sodas.

I am now on the hunt myself.

J. T. M.

He Had the £10.

IT was on the race-course at Totnes, by the silvery Dart, and I had gone there in the hope that the *Pearson's* man at Plymouth would be up for the day.

After the first race I spotted a well-dressed stranger hurrying out of the stand inclosure. I tapped him on the shoulder, and with the magic page held out, said:

"Have you got that £10?"

He turned with a startled air and whispered:

"Hush! Did you see me pinch it?—well, here you are, go halves," and leaving a £5 note in my hand, he vanished in a flash.

G. V. K.

Mr. Bowser Hunts For That Ten-Pound Note.

"HAVE you seen this, my dear?" said Mr. Bowser airily, waving a copy of *Pearson's Weekly* he had in his hand.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Bowser, with a foreboding of evil.

"Well, there's a £10 note to be had for the asking from a certain man in this town, and I flatter myself that with my infallible system of mind-reading I can spot the person at once. I'll go and look for him now," and off he went.

Presently he met a man strolling aimlessly along.

"Here he is," muttered Bowser to himself, as he fumbled with his copy of *Pearson's Weekly*.

At the sight of the familiar cover the man gave a yell and bolted, with Bowser in hot pursuit, and the latter being in the better condition eventually ran the other to earth in a blind street.

"Got you!" exclaimed our hero, triumphantly, "are you a Ten Pounder?"

"No," screamed the man, "you're the ninety-ninth idiot who has asked me the same question to-day, and I'm mad! desperate! I know nothing of £10! I've a ten pound fist you can have—take it!" and poor Bowser got a blow on the nose that sent him sprawling among the fish bones and banana shucks in the gutter.

"Well," said Mrs. Bowser, on his arriving home bruised and battered, "did you find him?"

But Bowser scowled malevolently.

"Woman," he hissed, "this is your doing again. To-morrow I shall instruct my solicitor to institute the proceedings that shall expose your outrageous conduct in the Divorce Court."

Then he kicked the cat and marched off to bed.

E. C.

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A Terrible Mistake.

The other morning my little boy came running in home, and said:

"Oh, papa, *Pearson's* Ten-Pound Note man is coming down our street. Put the card in the window, quick!"

I asked him how he had gained this fortunate bit of news.

"Oh, he has been calling at several houses and shops, and they all say he is *Pearson's* man, but they have not got a *Pearson's Weekly*," replied my sharp offspring.

"All right, Johnny, you are indeed a cute and clever boy, and will yet make your father rich," I shouted, and then immediately displayed that magic card—which he who runs may read—in the front window.

I had scarcely done so, when a knock came at the door.

I opened the door wide, and excitedly murmured:

"Come inside, sir; take a seat one moment," and then rushed into my sitting-room to procure that precious *Pearson's Weekly*.

Immediately I showed it to him he remarked:

"You mistake me, sir; I am a County Court bailiff, and am here to take possession, and——"

No need to explain further. I had kept him out for weeks, but my boy, who was to bring me fortune, had brought me ruin. F. W. F.

Not Worth Ten Pounds.

A broken-down swell, with top hat which was no longer glossy, went into a common coffee-house in the vicinity of Peckham, and ordered a penny bloater and two slices of bread for his dinner.

"By gum!" said the proprietor, "what a swell! I shouldn't wonder if he's not one of those *Pearson's* Ten-Pound men. Anyhow, I'll tackle him."

"By-the-bye," said he as he placed the bloater in front of the swell smartly, "would you like to read *Pearson's* new scheme?"

"Yes," said the swell gruffly.

"Ah! now I suppose you don't happen to be one of those men with the £10?"

"Do I look like a man that's got £10?" roared the swell. "If I had do you think I should dine off a bloater?"

W. L.

Not the Right Pearson's Though.

Passing through one of the principal streets in Coventry on a recent Saturday afternoon, I observed a large crowd which had assembled round a tobaacconist's shop.

Being inquisitive as to the cause of the gathering of this motley throng, I joined the concourse, and then noticed a huge poster that was displayed in the window, bearing the now well-known catch-phrase: "Have you got that Ten-Pound Note?" in large, bold type, while underneath the following amusing words were plainly written:

"'Pearson's' man is expected to call at this shop to-day. Wait for him! Watch for him! Wait inside and try our 2d. smokes."

The tobacconist was evidently doing a good trade. I entered the shop myself, made a purchase, and questioned the veracity of the announcement.

"Oh, yes, it is true," said the proprietor, "but," with a wink, "it is the man from Pearson's, the butcher opposite, who's expected." S. H.

"Have you got——"

Last Friday afternoon I was strolling through Regent's Park perusing my *Pearson's*, and was most interested in the £10 note scheme. Shortly after, while musing on the possibilities of its capture and building castles in the air as to its disposal when caught, I observed a well-dressed stranger, walking some short distance away, who was eyeing me in a somewhat curious manner.

Instantly it flashed across my mind that perhaps he had the note, and, seeing the paper in my hand, felt a bit nervous that I was going to claim it.

For another quarter of an hour we walked on, and nearer together as we walked, and soon we were but a yard or two apart.

At last I plucked up courage—now or never. I put my hand into my pocket for my paper—and, look—yes—his hand had instinctively gone to his breast-pocket. My heart beat fast in eager anticipation.

At that critical moment we both simultaneously produced our respective copies, raised our respective hats, and both said in one voice:

"Have you got——" but could get no further for laughing. We had been suspecting each other all along.

Needless to say, we adjourned to drink to better luck next time. B. P.

The Man Who was Talked About.

A gentleman friend of ours has recently been away from home for about two years. During his absence he had his beard removed. On his return he paid us a visit, and met our little daughter, who was asked if she could remember him.

This she failed to do, so with a view to refreshing the child's memory I said:

"Surely you remember him! Try again. He is the gentleman of whom you have often heard us speak so much!"

With a smile of satisfaction the little one looked up and said:

"Then I think I know who it is, mamma."

Delighted to think that the ruse had been successful, I said:

"Who is the gentleman, then?"

"Pearson's Ten-Pound Note gentleman!" W. E.

IF YOU HAVE A RELATIVE—

who has passed away either at home in peace or abroad in war, send his photograph—which you probably cherish—and we will enlarge it to a beautiful India ink and crayon portrait, 15in. × 12in. mounted on plate sunk mount 24in. × 19in.

Relatives of soldiers at the front may obtain one of these enlargements for 6s.

Other photographs will be enlarged for 7s.

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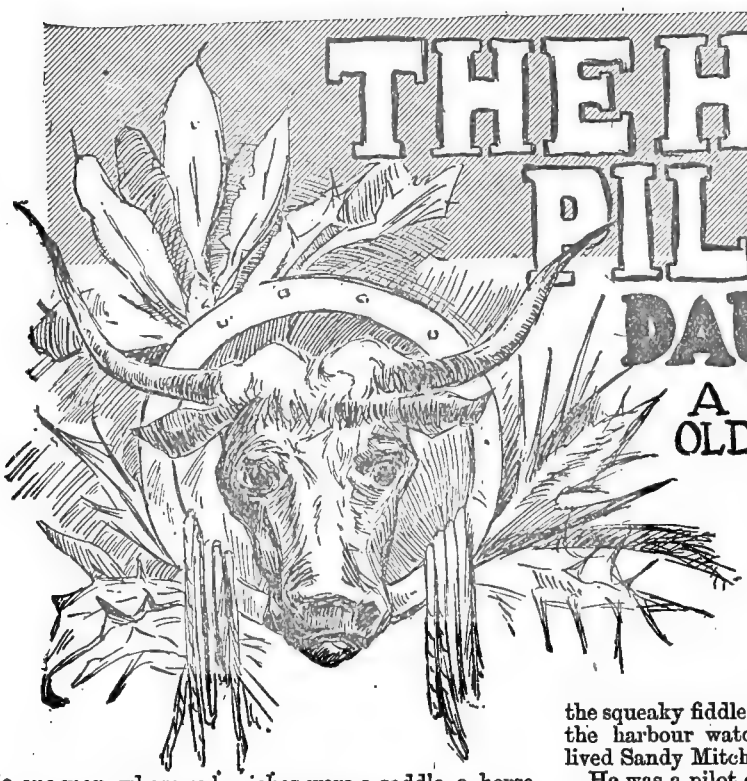

THE HERD PILOT'S DAUGHTER,

A TALE OF THE OLD ABILENE TRAIL.

To one man, whose only riches were a saddle, a horse and health, was it given to revolutionise the cattle trade of half a continent.

Texas was raising its great herds almost without effort; animals were increasing by tens of thousands, and yellow-legginged cow-boys were riding across the plains, guarding and rounding up the immense droves, scarcely knowing whence their wages were to come.

For cattle were so low as to be almost a drug on the market; the only outlet for the herds of the South-west was by water from Galveston or shipping up the Mississippi, after a long drive to the river. A few herds were taken on a tedious journey across country to California, but the expense of the trip was too great to make it profitable.

The railway gangs were working westward to the Rockies. When they had gone 165 miles and were just past what was then the centre of the United States, something happened.

Joe McCoy, a young cattle-man, solved the problem of cattle-shipping. On his pony he rode south from the new station and induced a rancher to drive his herd north instead of east, and, just as the railway gang went west from Abilene, the thin, nervous faces, and long, branching horns of the first herd of Texas bulls came slowly above the southern horizon. The herd was loaded in a special train and went to Chicago.

The cattle station and the cattle trail were established. Over the dark brown ribbon of bare earth, 400 feet wide and 600 miles long, three million head of cattle plodded wearily in the next four years, and Abilene gloried in the title "the wickedest city in the world." McCoy was the Mayor, Bill Higham the City Marshal, and its street-lengths of saloons and dance halls were always awake.

Two policemen came up from St. Louis once, by order of the City Council, to "civilise the town." They marched down the street—and then marched back and took the train for home. Their experience, though short, is a story by itself.

Far out on the prairie to the south, out of sight of the glare of the saloons, and away from the sound of the squeaky fiddles, like a pilot who waits at the mouth of the harbour watching for the incoming ocean liners, lived Sandy Mitchell.

He was a pilot of the herds that came up across the long trail from the plains of Texas, and sought an entrance to the huge cattle yards that lined the railway.

The yards were connected by many gates and lanes, and it was no inconsiderable job to get a fresh herd of wild bulls into them properly.

Sandy knew what yards were occupied and how to reach those that were not, and seldom did the foreman in charge of a herd refuse to engage his services when he rode out to meet the travellers.

One day he came to town and rode home with a letter—the first he had ever received during the two years he had lived at the station. He looked at its cover curiously as he took it from the postmaster, but did not attempt to open it.

When he reached the cabin, he drank from the black bottle on the shelf, closed the one door and sat near the window. Then he tore open the envelope.

Long did he sit there after the letter had dropped from his hand to the floor. Over his ruddy cheeks spread an expression of pain and suffering. He drank from the bottle twice more and placed the letter in a little brass-nailed trunk in the corner, under the bed.

He went out to the stable.

"Well, Bess," he remarked, as if he were used to such conversations, "the end has come."

The wiry mare gazed at him as if she understood, and he patted her hip where a great W disfigured the roan hide. Other brands were burned on her shoulder—Bess was well identified.

"Sarah will be here to-morrow," he went on, "perhaps she is here now. And she says she is coming out to live with her old father—funny she should want to."

Bess said nothing and Sandy went back to the house and took another drink.

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Then he took the bottle, a pack of cards with which he played solitaire, and a book on border ruffians, and went to the stable.

"These must be put out of the way, Bess. She was brought up to read the Bible, and I must not let her see these things."

He dug a hole at the corner and laid the articles therein.

"It's a sort of a corner-stone ceremony," he thought, and then, without covering the treasures, returned to the house.

That was a solemn evening for Sandy. Not a herd was in sight and there was nothing to do. He had serious thoughts of going to town and getting drunk—but he refrained, making several visits to the stable instead.

As a result he slept heavily and late. He was frightened when he rose and hurried in a scared manner as he prepared the breakfast and then set the cabin in order.

He blushed when a slender girl in a black dress alighted from the train two hours later and called him "papa." He did not know whether or no to kiss her, but she saved him the trouble of deciding by throwing her arms round his neck. The coming of the train was an important event, and the station platform was crowded. There was a little smiling at the scene.

"And we must go to the ranch," she declared. "I can ride hors back."

So they hired a pony from the livery stable and cantered away.

Sandy was taciturn; Sarah was talkative. She admired the cabin and its crude furniture, and cried a little over the faded photograph of a woman on the small shelf over Sandy's bed.

That night the father, rolled in his blanket, slept outside the cabin, and the next day he was off to meet a herd coming in.

As the cattle were rounded up near the cabin he rode over, and with him were the foreman of the Circle Bar Ranch and his chief assistant, Haddon. They sat on the ground and talked, and both young men thought they had never seen a sweeter visitor to the plains than Sandy's daughter.

Sandy was uneasy, and moved about as if he were anxious to go. But the young men stayed on. They had not seen a woman for eight months. It was worth something to them.

"And you have not seen the saloons?" said Lyman, the dandified foreman.

"No, and I do not want to," answered the girl. "There has been too much of that in our family. My brother died of——"

"The cattle's getting very uneasy," urged Sandy. He was thinking of the black bottle in the shed. He slipped away and threw some dirt in the hole.

He was a little longer than usual that morning in getting the herd to its quarters, and the loafers at the town chaffed him about it.

"Nervous about that gal out on your ranch, ain't ye, Sandy?" called one.

The pilot did not answer in words, but he leapt from his pony, and leaving Bess to her own sweet will made a lunge for the tormentor, laying him out flat on the dusty street. The crowd cheered. There were no further remarks about Sandy's nervousness.

It was dark when he reached the cabin, and after he put Bess in the shed he stood for some time looking longingly at the little hole in the corner. Then with set features he threw in a little more dirt and went into the house.

Sarah had spent her girlhood with relatives, and had seen much of the advantages of that halcyon land, "away in the East." She could sing and play the piano and paint a little. Sandy had but small store of interest to offer her. He said something of this as they ate the supper of bread and tinned meat.

"But don't you see that all this country is new to me?" was her reply. "I will ride a pony and help drive the cattle and have ever such a good time."

Sandy smiled at the picture of a being in skirts coming near a herd of Texas cattle.

There was a knock at the door, and in came Lyman.

"Thought you might be lonely," he explained with a laugh. "I'm not used to making society calls."

"Nor am I used to receiving them," said Sarah.

But Lyman got on very well. He told her of his feats of daring on the ranches and did not seem to notice the looks of incredulity that overspread Sandy's face. He arranged to go riding with her the following morning and to take her to the town, the Drovers' cottage, and all the sights.

Haddon called the next evening and was as bashful as Lyman had been loquacious. He had no deeds of daring to relate and no strange stories to tell.

Sandy watched the rivalry for several days and often went out to the shed and gazed at the "corner-stone," as he continued to call his buried treasures. Once he tried to give the girl a hint.

"Haddon's a very fine fellow," he began in a blundering way.

"But he hasn't done the brave things that the foreman has," replied Sarah.

"Well, I heard the men saying that he stayed out two days and nights to save a lot of calves from dying—didn't have a mite to eat nor nothing to drink all the time."

"Mr. Lyman says he is terribly slow."

"Don't you be too sure about what Lyman says—he has a lot of bounce."

The girl blushed as she turned away. Sandy saw the reddening cheek—and went to the shed to commune with Bess.

But the days went by without Sarah coming to a decision as to the merits of her lovers. The cowboys of town talked of the rivalry, and one even took a direct interest in the matter and came nearer being knocked down than he ever did in his life when he jokingly spoke of it to Haddon.

One day the boys of the Circle Bar rode off to the south and two waved their wide-brimmed white hats as they went past the cabin of Sandy Mitchell. A red apron was fluttering in response, but neither could tell for whom it was signalled.

Sandy had built an additional room to the cabin and lived a more civilised life than he did while alone, but he grew thinner and more nervous every day. He spent long hours with Bess in the shed and had worn a smooth and hard rim round the "corner-stone."

The winter was trying him and the spring found the old man much the worse for his new life. His daughter was faithful to him and took good care of the cabin, but there was no sympathy between them.

He feared her and her opinions without knowing why he did so. He would sit and watch her stealthily as if he were afraid that she would turn on him—and then go out and look at the little mound in the shed.

Sarah went now and then with the young people of the

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With a wave of her hand, she started for the town.

town to a dance or a party. She made friends by her wit and her music.

The old herder could not understand it all, but it pleased him, and he watched her with pride—the touching pride of a father who has lacked advantages himself, and sees them in his offspring with a semi-self-importance that glorifies them as being somehow a later development of his own intellect.

So the summer passed, and it was as long for the two men down among the cactus lands of Western Texas as for the girl at the end of the trail. Lyman and Haddon had little to say to each other.

One day the time came when the foreman was in danger. He was swimming a turbulent stream and his horse lost its footing.

"Help, boys," he called, "I can't swim with all this toggery."

He was weighted with spurs and lariat. Haddon was on the bank; he stripped and plunged in to the rescue—but when it was over he did not stop to talk. He did not like Lyman, but that did not forbid the courtesy of the range.

Both anxiously awaited the trip over the trail to the shipping station.

Sandy helped three herds in one autumn day. The trail was becoming a great thoroughfare, and the dark brown caravans came, one after another, up from the south with bewildering rapidity. Men talked of a break in the cattle boom, but it did not come, and the ranchers seemed hurrying all the stock they could to market.

Sandy was weary that night. He ate little and then went to the shed. He stood beside Bess for a long time, and then, as if moved by an irresistible force, edged towards the corner of the shed.

"The buildin' did na stond," he muttered. "The corner-stane is na gude," the Scottish accent coming back to him after the long years.

He knelt, and furiously, feverishly, dug with his hands at the little mound. Deeper and deeper he went until he touched something hard.

His eyes glistened.

"Oh, Bess," he whispered, "happy times are comin' again."

Faster and faster he worked, and then with a burst of delight, the old man pulled from the hole a black bottle. Anxiously he held it up to the waning light. Yes, it was all there. He could remember just how much there had been when he put it away, and a horrible fear had come over him, that in some way it had vanished during his period of teetotalism.

He polished it on his blouse, he hugged it to his breast, he kissed it reverently—and then he took out the cork and lifted it to his lips.

A few times in a man's life there come experiences that set the nerves of delight tingling, that mark high lights in the perspective of the years, that linger in the memory.

To Sandy it was the unearthing of the "corner-stone." Long did the black bottle stay at his lips, and again and again was it lifted. The famished nature glowed with the old joy, and he forgot all the months of longing. He forgot Sarah, the herds, Bess—he lay on the hay stolid, unconscious—but satisfied.

It was usual for Sandy not to come home at night, and Sarah did not worry. But when in the morning she heard Bess whinny and went to the shed she saw that terrible bundle in the corner and gave a heartrending shriek. Then strength came to her and she dragged her father to the house.

It was a dark, gusty day, and the north-west wind roared over the prairies as if it had a grudge against the settlers. At noon the girl thought of something—her father's business. She must not allow it to be lost.

"I can do it as well as he," she thought, as she went to her room.

When she came out she was transformed into a semblance of a cowboy. A yellow coat covered the slender form and a white hat rested on the crown of her brown hair. Bess started a little as she entered the stable and threw the saddle on the pony's back. The coat and the white hat did not deceive the horse.

In a moment the twain were passing the cabin, and then became a spot in the far, grey distance. They went up the slope of the bluffs, along the southern edge of the bottom lands, and then farther on, arrived between the valleys of the Smoky Hill and the Arkansas.

Sure enough, away to the south was a long, dark caravan that the rider's instinct told her was a cattle herd. As she rode towards it the branching horns of the leaders became visible, and then the detached spots that she knew were the herders, guarding the line like sentinels.

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"What should I do?" she asked.

There was little time to seek an answer. The herd was approaching and the men in charge were evidently eager to get the cattle in the yards. She cantered to the front, and then, just before getting in reach of the voice of the first cowboy, turned, and with a wave of her hand started for the town.

"Wish the old gentleman would come closer," thought Lyman; "I want to find out how the pretty Sarah is."

For a mile the cattle went quietly, following the lone leader—and then something happened.

Bess did not approve of the handling she was getting, and reared and plunged. To quiet her was impossible, and the girl in a moment of thoughtlessness leapt from the saddle to the prairie, thinking that there might be something amiss with the saddle.

Wilder grew the antics of the pony, and soon there was visible to the excited cowboys a picture of a yellow-coated, white-hatted figure, standing alone and of a pony racing away to the north. In the foreground was a rapidly massing herd of brown cattle, with heads all pointed in one direction—towards the lonely figure.

The Texas bull has a profound respect for one combination—the Man on Horseback. Woe to the horse or man alone. Together they are rulers, separated they are hunted and destroyed.

The stampede forming was intensified by the day and the weather. The cattle were nervous and excitable. The wind blew damp, cold and brisk from the north-west. Scurrying clouds were drifting overhead—it was the beginning of a furious storm.

Lyman felt rather than saw another man by his side.

"Why do the cattle act so?" asked Haddon.

For an answer the foreman pointed to the lonely figure ahead.

"Who—who is it?"

Haddon thought one of the herders had been thrown.

"Old Sandy—his horse was troublesome."

"Why didn't you ride to him?"

"And take chances on being ground under the hoofs of that herd?" Lyman laughed harshly.

"Then I will," starting forward.

"Don't be a fool, Haddon——"

But Haddon was gone, riding like the wind itself for the goal that stood out before him so distinctly in the gloomy vista of plain.

The herd was in motion now. The cattle had heads down and were pounding the hard earth with a sound like thunder. Rank after rank of them the rider passed and finally reached the foremost one, which was running with tremendous leaps for the proposed victim.

Like red-hot irons his spurs burnt his pony's flanks, and the tired little beast struggled harder and harder to win. Nearer and nearer came the end and closer and closer were the cattle. Side by side the herd and Haddon raced, and then he turned and crossed the course ahead of the hurrying horns.

The lonely figure ahead was ready for him and realised that not an instant was to be lost. Far over he leant in the saddle, the cattle breathing at his pony's very flanks, and reached out his strong right arm.

"The old man is likely to be heavy," flashed through his mind. and he braced himself for a severe strain.

But as the horse swept past and he encircled the beseeching form before him he lifted not a weight but a fairy-like creature that seemed a mere trifle in his grasp.

There was no time to be startled—the cattle were too close! Scarce had Sarah's feet left the ground when the sod on which she had stood was trampled by a score of hoofs.

On and on the pony bore its double burden, and when it halted, panting, as the herd rushed by, Haddon felt his burden grow limp and passive—Sarah had fainted.

"It was a long day's work getting that herd into the corrals without old Sandy," thought Haddon, as he started home with his charge.

But Sandy was coming. The fractious Bess had roused him when she ran to the cabin, and on her back, his white hair flying, he was *en route* to the herd.

Late that night Haddon and the foreman met for the first time since the stampede.

Lyman laughed.

"Much obliged," he sneered, "I'll congratulate her to-morrow."

"Coward!" exclaimed Haddon fiercely. "Go near her again and I will kill you."

Lyman did not believe him, and that accounted for the event of the next day—one of the first tragedies of the shipping station.

Lyman rode out to the cabin at noon and later in the day returned to town in bad humour. He had not been able to see the pilot's daughter. Towards evening she came to the town on Bess.

As she started for home Lyman rode to her side, and, despite her evident efforts to free herself from his company, remained as her companion.

Haddon stood in the door of the "Last Chance" saloon and, looking up, saw the couple. He leapt to his horse and raced after them. Lyman turned at the sound of hoofbeats and remembered Haddon's threat.

Digging his spurs into his pony, he flew from Sarah's side in a desperate attempt to escape the vengeance of his pursuer. With set face Haddon urged his pony to top speed, but as he dashed past the girl he had saved from the herd, a voice reached his ears and caused him to pull up and allow Lyman to get away.

But Lyman migrated to another part of the continent and was never seen by either of them afterwards.

Five years later, while I was doing business in Las Vegas, I saw Sarah with Haddon by her side, and I knew that I had to address her as "Mrs. Haddon." Sandy had passed away with the cattle boom, but he died happy in the knowledge that the better man had won his daughter.

F. C. ARNOLD.

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An Operation in the Dark.

ONCE, just before I entered as a medical student, I was seized with a desire to test the so-called science of astrology and see whether it could tell me much about the future.

The result did not give me any satisfaction, for it was of so little weight that I had clean forgotten the whole of the horoscope except two clauses; the one was that I was destined never to have much luck in life, for the planets were in a most unfavourable position at the time of my birth, and the other was to the effect that there would come a crisis, but exactly how that crisis was going to end was not disclosed.

The first of these clauses was remembered because it seemed very true. I had been decidedly unfortunate all through my short career; when I was born my parents were wealthy, but within two years all the money had gone and the crash had hastened the death of my mother.

Three years ago my father died and I was left to the care of an uncle who had not been on good terms with my father, and did not much like the burden placed upon him.

I will not dwell upon these troubles, but will content myself with saying that my path always seemed blocked.

As a medical student I had to struggle hard to keep myself going, and more than once I was on the point of giving up.

Then there came a great success; I thought that the tide was turning, but that success created an enemy who was destined to bar my path later on.

I was fond of medical science and studied hard when a prize was offered, and it became pretty clear that the struggle for that prize lay between James Madden and myself. As I have said, I won it.

When the result was made known I involuntarily turned towards Madden, and the sight of his face remained with me for many a day.

"I'll make you pay for this, if I have to wait years for it!"

These were the words with which he greeted me when we were alone. I was startled at first, and then smiled; I supposed that I had wounded his vanity by beating him, but that he would soon forget it. Moreover, our ways were not likely to be the same; his people were well-to-do and could afford to buy him a practice in a fashionable part of London, whereas I intended to settle down in some quiet town.

I lost sight of Madden for some time after we took our degrees. I went to a rising sea-side town, the inhabitants called it a town, although it was little more than a village—and became assistant to an elderly medical gentleman; that was the best I could do, although I tried hard to get a better start. I was disappointed at not being able to offer something better to Alice, but the brave girl was willing to accept and to look forward to my ultimate success.

At the end of three years I made an arrangement with my chief, who wished to retire, to buy his practice and pay him by instalments; this was clearly the best course for me to adopt, as it would have cost me much money to work up a practice for myself, and I hadn't got the money.

The town was increasing in size and popularity, and I began to think that I was on the high road to a moderate fortune. Then my enemy found me out, and one morning I was electrified to discover that Dr. James Madden had installed himself in the same street—which was the principal one of the town—as a rival candidate for public favour.

I do not say that Madden was unskilful, but I believe that he practised more as a method of passing the time and in order to enjoy the position in society which is accorded to a doctor. Why had he come down here? Was it to "pay me out"?

There was this difference between Madden and myself—he obtained the favour of the people by his manner, which was that of a dashing man of the world, whereas I was grave and somewhat retiring in disposition, and relied on the quality of my work. People like men of his temperament, and as his knowledge was sufficient to enable him to deal with ordinary cases, he naturally had the preference. He had not been there long before I found my connection was decreasing, slowly but in a disquieting degree. However, as the town was expanding very rapidly, there was a chance of holding my own, on the whole.

I was not the man to keep important matters from my wife, who took great interest in my progress; so I told her what I feared. But although she recognised the actual position, she encouraged me, and I sought relief in her society and in that of our little girl, which he ped me to persevere even when there could no longer be any doubt that I was steadily losing ground.

I soon came to the conclus on that Madden was purposely trying to ruin me, although I could not publicly bring such a charge against him.

I heard occasionally a remark which convinced me that he lost no opportunity of throwing out vague insinuations concerning my skill, and in public he took the opposite position to mine on every point. For instance, I am a firm believer in vaccination and this gave him an opening.

The anti-vaccination idea spread among the people of the town to such an extent that I at length deemed it my duty to utter a word of warning in public.

This was the beginning of a severe contest, and to my surprise, Madden—who had been just as much in favour of innoculation during our student days and who had never shown any other view—now publicly proclaimed himself an anti-vaccinator.

People believed that his declaration was the honest expression of his opinions, and I refrained from pointing out that he had formerly held the contrary view, because his obvious retort would have been that he had changed his mind as the result of experience.

The struggle was a bitter one and it ended in my defeat and the triumph of Madden. He opposed me in every way and I began to feel that I was discredited.

My wife's health failed and she went away to a less bracing locality—to die.

For three years longer I struggled on, but during the last of those three years I lived on the money I had saved, for my practice was virtually gone.

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I could not help laying this trouble at the door of my successful enemy; I grew bitter at the thought of the misfortunes which had beset me and at the upsetting of the plans I had formed for the education of my child, and I began to brood over thought of revenge. Was it fair that I should suffer in this way? If he had done evil to me, was I not justified in trying to retaliate? Was it wrong to fight him with his own weapons?

Want of employment, as we all know, affords the best opportunity for the creation and development of evil designs, and my case was no exception to the rule. Now and then the conversation of my little girl—I cannot call it childish prattle, for she was older than her years—stemmed the tide of evil thoughts and checked my desire for revenge, but some fresh move on the part of my enemy would destroy this influence for good which flowed from my child and once more I would be plotting his downfall.

The memory of the inward struggle between good and evil will always be vivid, so intense was it. Just at the time when evil had conquered, apparently for ever, the opportunity for which I was seeking came to me in the most unexpected fashion.

It was about eleven o'clock at night; the maid and my daughter were in bed and I sitting in my consulting room, brooding over the final details of a scheme which I was now prepared to carry out at all hazards. I started from my chair at the sound of a ring from the electric door bell.

I went to the door myself and opened it, and then I had a second and far greater surprise. Before me stood Dr. Madden!

"Barnard, I want you to cut this confounded abscess for me. I can't stand it any longer!"

What could it mean? I looked at him, unable to credit my ears with having heard aright.

He stepped inside the hall and I could see that his coat was thrown over his shoulders, not put on in the proper manner, and that he held a lancet in his right hand.

"Which is your room?" he asked in a tone which indicated that he was suffering intense pain. "It's paining me awfully and I must have it lanced. I thought I could wait till the morning, but I can't."

This last sentence annoyed me; I knew that he went to a doctor in an adjoining town rather than come to me.

I was about to retort to this effect, when he spoke again.

"Don't lose any time, there's a good fellow. We haven't been the best of friends, but you must do this for me. Is this your room?"

Then, in a dreamy kind of way, I found myself entering the room with him and listening to his explanation.

"This abscess has been forming for some time under the left arm. Dr. Cox intended to lance it for me when he returned. He thought it would be about mature by then, but he won't be back for two days and it is paining dreadfully. It has been so bad this evening that I made up my mind to lance it myself, but just as I was about to do so my nerves failed me. You will see that there is great danger of cutting one of the many large and small arteries that gather in the arm-pit. It's almost certain that you will cut one, but you can staunch it and that would not be so easy for me to do myself."

By this time he was seated in the chair and had arranged himself for the operation. I took the lancet from him and a pad of wool, and then prepared for my task.

I HAVE A HORROR OF IT.

Of course, I can't say how it is with you, but, as for me, I have a horror of the sensation called faintness. I would rather suffer a good stiff pain for a whole day than feel faint for half an hour. And so would most people, I imagine. Drop in on me some day, and I'll explain the philosophy of it.

One day—it was at Bridgend, she says—Mrs. Jones, who lives at Bridge Street in a queerly-named place called Tonypandy, near Pontypridd, South Wales, was suddenly seized with a fainting spell, and thought she was going to die then and there, right out of hand.

It was like drowning, you know; settling into the deep, dark water, and being strangled. Some folks say drowning is a pleasant way to die, but I am content to take their word for it.

Well, this wasn't the first of Mrs. Jones' fainting bouts—not by many. She had them often, and lived in terror of them, as a man lives in terror of an enemy who he knows is sworn to kill him on sight.

Before these sinking spells came on her the lady had not been well. She had for some time been low and ailing—just as a lot of good women are, without understanding exactly what is the matter. She had lost her appetite, as she might have lost a shilling; it was gone somehow, and she could tell you no more.

But she couldn't eat—that is, not properly and heartily; she could merely pick and mince at things, and very small benefit came from that. Besides, there was pain in the stomach and chest to follow, and the knowledge of this scarcely tended to make food the more welcome to her.

She says her strength went out of her as damp takes the starch out of linen; and we may well believe it. For, no food no life; that is the law, and no human power can make it any different, and this woman ate only a bird's rations, most of that going stale in her stomach, and manufacturing poisons which went into her blood, causing those frightful faintings she tells us about.

Under those circumstances you would have appealed to the doctors, and reached out right and left after medicines to set you right again. This Mrs. Jones did; but bad luck attended all her anxious experiments until her husband, Mr. Thomas Jones, who is a wholesale butcher and a sensible man, told his wife he thought Mother Seigel's Syrup was the thing for her. He had tried it, and it cured him, and why not her?

Now, it was in the Spring of 1897 that the lady fell ill, and in July, 1898, she began using the Syrup—fifteen months or so between whiles. On April 11th, 1899, she wrote thus: —"After taking Mother Seigel's Syrup a few weeks I was completely cured. It was wonderful. No pain after eating, the faintness all gone, and my strength back again. And so I have kept from that day to this."

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My hand was steady enough despite the excitement under which I was labouring. I asked myself whether this was some new and suddenly devised trick for throwing discredit upon my skill in surgery or whether his coming to me was really due to his sufferings.

In any case I must go on; if I refused, I should be blamed and scorned by the whole community for allowing professional jealousy to get the better of me.

I inserted the point of the lancet to make the cut, but at that psychological moment the electric light went out and we were left in utter darkness.

It may have been due to this sudden extinction of the light or to some other more ordinary cause, but in lancing the abscess at that very moment I also cut a blood vessel. I heard the blood dripping and I felt it on the fingers of my left hand.

Prompt action was necessary; I groped for the pad, but I must have knocked it off the table for I could not feel it.

I had no gas in the room, nor even a candle or matches. I have always been enthusiastic about the electric light and when the company was floated in our town I took up some shares and advocated the adoption of the new illuminant by word and deed—even to the extent of having the gas cut off.

In this critical moment I realised what that meant; I did not even know where to find a candle or a match. I am not a smoker, or I should probably have had some wax vestas in my pocket.

Then there came to me the dreadful thought that my enemy was now at my mercy and that I could remove him from my path for good and all. He would soon bleed to such an extent that it would be well-nigh, if not entirely, impossible to save his life. I could do this with every chance of my share in the work not being found out. With diabolical clearness the details flashed through my mind.

He had intended to operate upon himself; he had brought his own lancet with him. I could swear that he had begun the operation in his own house, had cut the vessel himself and, knowing that he was unable to sew up the artery himself, he had made his way to me to help him. The fact that he had brought his lancet with him would help to prove that he had left the place hurriedly and in great anxiety, and his coming to me would confirm the statement.

But few details were wanting to make the evidence complete, and these I could easily supply. His clothes were stained, and I had only to sprinkle a little blood here and there from my room out in the street and across to his own door; I could easily enter his house with his own key and complete the trail of blood marks, and also take his coat back. I could find the pad and dip it into the blood so as to be able to say that he had endeavoured to staunch the wound. At that time of night there would be nobody about to observe me. The failure of the light at the main could be proved, and this would account for the delay in assisting him.

It takes a long while to write this down, but it all occurred in a few seconds. Madden was one of those men who could operate on others without a tremor, but was a coward where he himself was concerned.

"For Heaven's sake, Barnard, make haste and get a light," he cried. And I afterwards found out that he compressed the spot with his right-hand fingers in order to lessen the flow.

"I must get some matches and a candle," I replied excitedly.

It was my intention to waste time and leave him to his fate. I pretended to grope for the pad in order to give it to him, all the while simulating the greatest anxiety. I lost quite a minute, perhaps more, in this way and then I stood erect with the intention of leaving the room.

I had made but one step forward when the door opened, admitting a streak of light, and my little Alice entered with a lighted candle.

The sight of the child's sweet face, and the thoughts which it brought to my mind, saved me from becoming a murderer.

I thought of my wife and pictured the horror she would feel—if the spirits of the departed are capable of such sentiments; and I imagined what my child would think if the facts ever came into her knowledge in after life. What would it mean to her to be burdened with the knowledge that her father had killed a fellow creature?

"Heaven bless you!" I gasped with a great sob, as I snatched the candle from her hand.

Madden was safe, for it took but a brief space to sew up the artery. Then I sent the little girl to bed and I went home with him, for he was weak.

When I returned I found my little maid still awake; what she had witnessed had been rather too much for her childish nerves and I had to give her an opiate. But before I did this, I asked her how it was that she came downstairs with a lighted candle.

It had been our custom to let her have a light in her room until we grown-ups went to bed. She had awakened from her first sleep and had heard the ring at the door and the noise of footsteps in the hall. She had watched the little electric fairy lamp and had seen it go out; and, remembering a similar occasion when the current had failed, she had connected this in her old-fashioned way with the visitor, and had at once jumped out of bed, lighted the candle in my room—which adjoined hers—and had come downstairs with it for me.

That proved to be the crisis mentioned by the astrologer.

I dreaded calling on Madden, but when I did so I found him quite changed in his manner towards me. He seemed to be impressed with the idea that I had done my very utmost for him at the critical moment when the light failed, and he was strangely moved by the anxiety which he supposed I had shown on his account.

"I tell you frankly, Barnard," he said, "that I had no right to expect it after what I have done against you. But I will do all in my power from this very moment to make up for the past."

I learnt that by wresting the prize from him, I had deprived him of the favour of an eminent medical man whose daughter he had hoped to marry. It would have been a brilliant match for him, and being of a vindictive nature, he had vented his spite upon me.

When the local paper appeared two days later, it contained an account of the operation and I was spoken of in the highest terms. I knew this was published at the instigation of Madden, for the journal had never gone out of its way to praise me. Madden had faced death and the experience was not pleasant; it had changed his mode of conduct and made him anxious to repair the evil he had wrought. My practice began to increase; Madden recommended people to me, because—so he told them—he was too busy, and fortune smiled upon me once more. She has favoured me ever since.

George Knight.

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THE BRAIN GYMNASIUM.

In these competitions a prize of £2 will be awarded each week to the competitor whose attempt we receive giving the correct solutions of all the puzzles. If more than one is absolutely correct the prize of £2 will be given to the first correct attempt dealt with.

If no lists of absolutely correct solutions are sent in the first prize will be awarded to the competitor whose attempt is first dealt with showing the fewest mistakes.

Each week we shall award in addition to the above, either ten of our silver plated pencil-cases or ten popular novels, to be distributed amongst the competitors whose attempts are absolutely correct and have failed to win the first prize, or, if no complete lists of correct solutions are received, to those whose attempts show the fewest mistakes.

Write all your solutions on one sheet of paper, putting the number against each. Post the batch in an envelope marked "Brain Gymnasium," to reach the Editor, Short Stories, 18 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C., by first post on Monday, October 15th, 1900.

Readers are invited to submit puzzles, acrostics, conundrums, word-squares, etc., for publication on this page. A penknife will be given to each reader whose attempts are used All attempts must be vouched for as original, and, of course, it is distinctly understood that the sender of a puzzle must neither compete in the competition nor divulge to anyone the solution, Any reader found infringing this rule will be severely dealt with.

No. 229.

Form a square word from equivalents of the following:

More than one; a portion of land; a mineral; a hole.

No. 230.

What English noun, being of masculine gender and plural number, becomes, by adding an "s," singular in number and feminine in gender?

No. 231.

Re-arrange the following letters to form a well-known proverb:

A B C D EEEEEE G HH III L NNN O R SSSS TTTT W.

No. 232.

The initials and finals of equivalents of the following, when read downwards, will give the names of two distinguished British Generals:

A Boer accomplishment; above; graceful; a textile fabric; a disease; impetuous.

No. 233.

A word of FIVE letters I am;
Come, puzzle me out if you can.
My FIRST and my LAST are alike, I declare;
My SECOND and FOURTH are also a pair.
Read backwards and forwards, I'm always the same,
Behead and curtail me, and then I'm a name.
The rest I shall leave to architectural friends,
Who oft take my WHOLE to accomplish their ends.

No. 234.

I'm a comfort to infants when nursed on the knee;
A dog I become when a dog follows me.
I sometimes take wing, and a bird I'm then found;
When I come close to land, I'm a large tract of ground.

RESULT OF BRAIN GYMNASIUM.

Nos. 211 to 216.

The first prize of £2 has been awarded this week to the Rev. G. P. Horne, of Newby Wispe, Northallerton, Yorks, whose solution was the first correct one dealt with.

A copy of "Calumnies," by E. M. Davy, has been sent to each of the following:

T. H. Howard, Holderness, E.
A. F. Cox, King's Heath, near Birmingham.
A. Roger, Cadogan Street, Glasgow.
W. E. Jackson, Chipping Norton.
F. G. Homer, Moseley near Birmingham.
H. Cammack, Everton.
G. Pescud, Fairfoot Road, Bow, E.
W. Stockwell Hillfield Avenue, Hornsey, N.
W. Weighell, Abbey Wood, Kent.
C. Stephens, Fratton, Portsmouth.

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The right eye is that of ..... LORD SALISBURY.
The left eye is that of ..... LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.
The nose is that of ..... CARDINAL VAUGHAN.
The mouth is that of ..... DR. PARKER.
The whiskers are those of SIR EDWARD CLARKE.
The ear is that of ..... LORD ROBERTS.

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Chap. XV.—Married Life Begun as it Should Be.
Chap. XXIV.—Table-Turning.
Chap. XXVIII.—Mystery and Danger of Mesmerism.
Chap. XXXIII.—Things Seen by Second-Sight.
Chap. XXXIX.—Looks showing your Character.

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BIG PRIZE SCHEME

For MARCH, 1901.

25,602 PRIZES, value £10,000

LIST OF PRIZES:

1	Cash Prize	£50	0
1	Cash Prize	£40	0
10	Handsome Pianos, in walnut, £40 each	400	0
5	Cash Prizes, £25 each	125	0
10	Gents' Bicycles, Freewheels, £17 17s.	178	10
10	Ladies' Bicycles, Free-wheels, £17 17s.	178	10
10	Cash Prizes, £10 each	100	0
20	Jones's Sewing Machines, £8 each	160	0
20	Cash Prizes, £5 each	100	0
50	Rolled Gold Lever Watches, £2 10s. each	125	0
100	Cash Prizes, £2 each	200	0
50	Dinner Services (56 pieces), £2 each	100	0
50	Folding Bed Chairs, £2 each	100	0
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200	Cash Prizes, £1 each	200	0
200	Ladies' Leather Hatboxes, £1 each	200	0
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400	pairs Blankets, 15s. per pair	300	0
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500	Gents' Umbrellas, 15s. each	375	0
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